

1/-

The Sketch

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

Established
1769

Established
1769

GORDON'S "LONDON DRY GIN."

"THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL"

GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD.
THE DISTILLERY, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Ask for Cinzano Vermouth
—before your dinner

CINZANO BRUT

—with your dinner

OBTAINABLE AT HOTELS, RESTAURANTS & WINE MERCHANTS

"THE CREST IS THE MARK OF DISTINCTION."



CAVANDER'S 'Army Club' CIGARETTES

In air-tight tins. 50 for 3/2

Sole Indian Agents: PHIPSON & Co., Ltd., BOMBAY.

CORELLI

VERMOUTH

Extract from "The Lancet."

"This Vermouth consists of a matured wine, to which has been added certain vegetable extracts, mostly derived from the cinchona family. The analytical results are typical

of a good Vermouth. Skilful blending of the flavouring matters has resulted in a very palatable product, which is free from 'harshness' or excessive sweetness."

Wholesale Agents
EDWARD YOUNG & CO. LTD. London, Liverpool & Glasgow.

Spinet The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia.
OVALS, CORK-TIPPED.



20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's.

2/2 per 2 ozs. Spinet The SUPER Mixture In enamelled pocket tins.

Kunzle

High-Grade
CHOCOLATES

MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.

	Per lb.
"SELECTED"	4/-
"DESSERT"	5/-
"SUPER DESSERT"	6/-
Langue-de-Chat "DROPS"	4/-
"CROQUETTES" and TABLETS (Plain or Milk)	

PATENT CREAMS
Recd. No. 19215.

KEEP THE HEALTHY BLOOM OF YOUTH

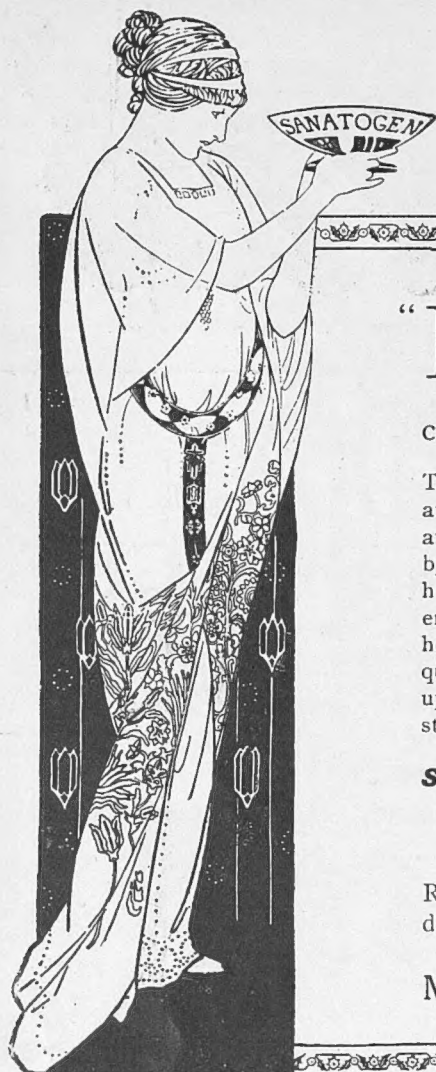
All that is required is the right kind of skin nourishment applied at the right time. LA-ROLA feeds the deeper skin tissues and prevents the surface from becoming lined and weather-beaten. The delightfully soothing effect of

BEETHAMS La-rola

(as pre-war)

upon chafed, sunburnt or otherwise irritated skins must be experienced to be fully appreciated. LA-ROLA should be used regularly night and morning, and before and after exposure out of doors. Bottles 1/6 and 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

If your complexion be too pale, try "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," it's lovely: 1/-.
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.



What SANATOGEN will do for your Health

"I f you take Sanatogen regularly three times a day, you will have gained, in a few weeks, a fund of added health, nerve-strength and a general sense of well-being, which you cannot fail to *feel* and appreciate."

That is what many thousands of doctors, authors, clergymen, teachers—in fact, men and women in every walk of life—have proved by their own personal experience. They *know* how Sanatogen infuses new strength and endurance into weak and nervous people, how wonderfully it improves digestion, how quickly its concentrated nourishment builds up the body-cells and gives new tone and strength to the entire system.

The overworked business man, mothers (especially nursing mothers) men and women who have made too heavy drafts upon their vitality, will find in Sanatogen a splendid source of renewed health and strength. And remember, Sanatogen is a natural, healthful food and tonic—purest protein and organic phosphorus—free from anything unnatural or harmful, so that little children can take it with nothing but benefit.

SIR HALL GAINÉ writes:—

"I have lately had further proof of the efficacy of Sanatogen in building up and restoring the nervous system under conditions of severe mental and emotional strain."

Resolve *now* to begin a course of Sanatogen; it will be the best thing you ever did for your health. All chemists sell Sanatogen from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin.

Made by GENATOSAN, Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

GEORGE BRETTLE & Co, LTD. LONDON
(Wholesale Only)

"Antello" Gloves

made from
WASHABLE DOESKIN
British Made Throughout

THE perfect gloves for wash and wear—made of the finest quality doeskin in many styles and shades for Ladies or Gentlemen. Ask for "Antello" Washable Gloves and see the name inside the wrist on every pair—the hallmark of excellence and reliability.

The
Styles
illustrated

- G. 316 Ladies' Two-Button.
- G. 319 Men's One-Button.
- G. 325 Ladies' Gauntlet with Silk Fringe.

WHITE AND CHAMOIS

Guaranteed free from any artificial filling. Also made in PUTTY & GREY.
From all good class Drapers.

See the name "Antello"
stamped in every pair.

GEORGE BRETTLE & CO., LTD.,
119, Wood Street, London, E.C. 2

Cupid's touch

**The William's
Evan NENNA SHAMPOO**

BRIGHTENS
and
BEAUTIFIES

used by **PRETTY WOMEN**
all over the **WORLD.**

Followed by the **Chaventré** method of
PERMANENT WAVING—the result gives
unique charm and distinction.

Chaventré 289, Oxford St.
W.1.



THE SKETCH

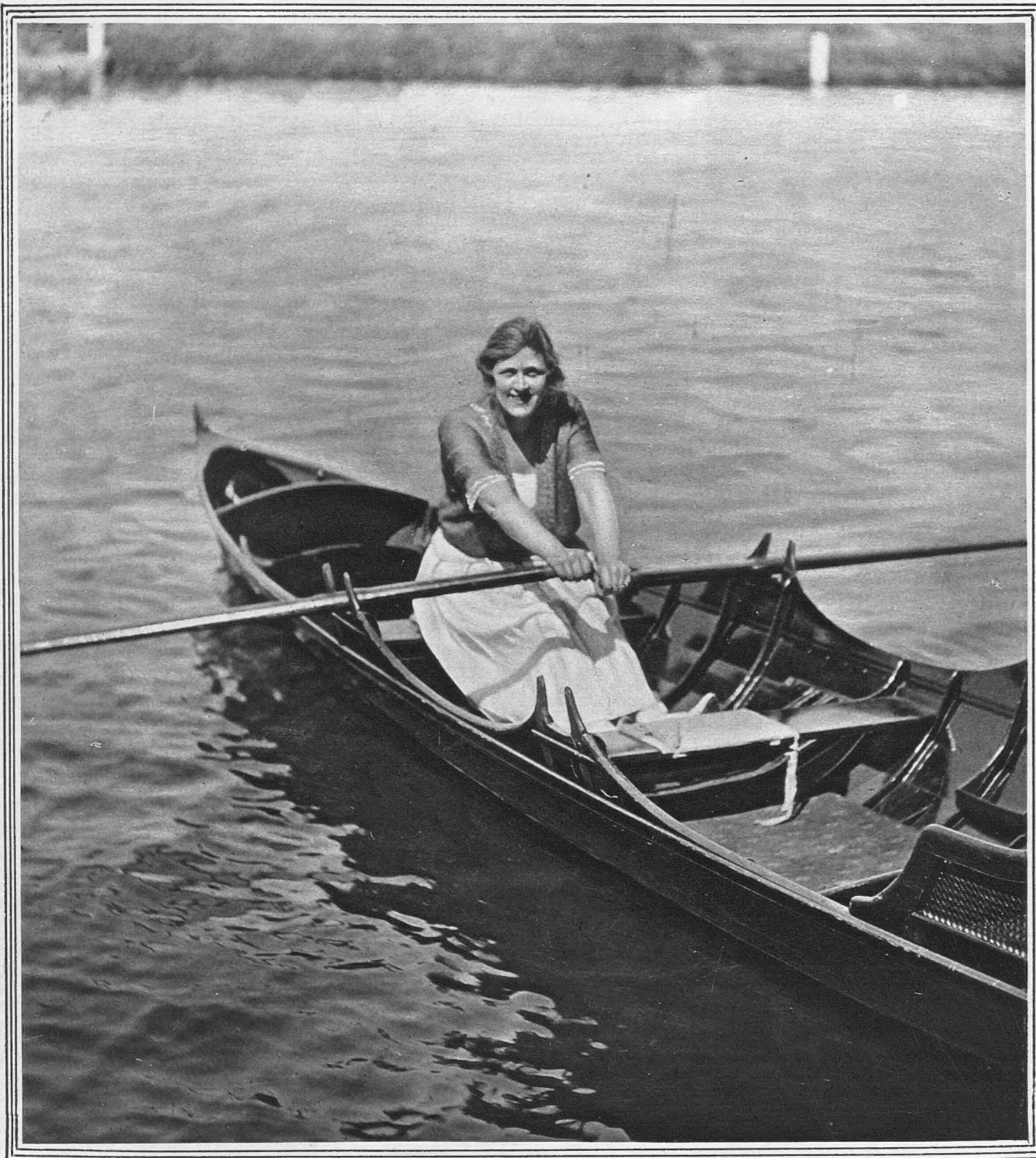


REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1540—Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



AN ACTRESS-MANAGER ON HOLIDAY: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY AT TEDDINGTON.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, who made such a big success this year with her production of "The Wheel," and was then seen in the revival of "Trilby" at the Apollo, is now on holiday at Teddington. She is very

fond of sculling, and is here seen on the river. Other photographs of Miss Neilson-Terry at her Teddington home will be found in another part of this issue of "The Sketch."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER CORBETT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

A Glance Backwards.

I have heard people say that they never look back. They may have their reasons.

It seems to me a mistake never to look back. You may be depressed by the swift passage of time; but, by way of antidote, you should be cheered by the memories of difficulties surmounted.

And it is instructive to look back. The past is replete with lessons. How are you to benefit from lessons which you have forgotten? Besides, it is the habit of poor human nature to remember the unpleasant and forget the pleasant experiences of the past.

With the present issue of *The Sketch* I enter upon my twenty-fourth year of very happy association with this journal. My first contribution appeared in the issue dated July 26, 1899.

It was an account of a meeting with Miss Marie Corelli. She had come over to Henley-in-Arden from Stratford-upon-Avon to open a bazaar in aid of the church of which my father was the Vicar. On that notable occasion—notable for me, in many ways—the famous author delivered the first speech she ever made in public.

"And what had we come out for to see?" I wrote. "A hollow-eyed and gaunt-figured visionary, clad in the sable of malevolence and nurtured on morbid fantasies? No, indeed; but a plump and rosy little woman, all smiles and sunshine, beaming happily on the present-day inhabitants of Shakespeare's land, and trying, most successfully, to quiet the nervous tremors so natural on the occasion of a first real speech in public."

Aug. 2, 1899. One week later I entered upon my duties as Assistant Editor, under the leadership of the still-remembered and much-beloved John Latey. Illustrated weekly papers, however, are bound to go to press a considerable time in advance of publication, so that the issues dated Aug. 2 and Aug. 9 of that year must be set to the credit of Dr. J. M. Bulloch, who now controls with such prestige the world-famous *Graphic*.

John Latey and I did not get into our proper stride until Aug. 16, in which issue I had the good fortune to make my first scoop in illustrated journalism. The Biograph and Mutoscope Company had contrived to get pictures of Dreyfus in prison. I called on Mr. Smedley, who was at the head of that organisation, and persuaded him to let *The Sketch* reproduce a couple of his pictures, together with an account of

the adventures of the camera man who secured them.

"How Dreyfus was Biographed" was the title of my article, and the page was subsequently framed and exhibited in the window of the Biograph and Mutoscope offices in the Strand. This was good business for both them and for *The Sketch*. But it was far more important business than I realised, for other illustrated papers suddenly tumbled to the endless possibilities of using cinematograph

gives—to ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession. Here they all are, presented to the world in all the glory of full-page reproductions, with lines beneath their pictures telling of their many talents and accomplishments. I do not think Miss Edna May, for instance, would deny that her great reputation was due as much to her full-page pictures in *The Sketch* as to her success in "The Belle of New York." In fact, I once had the audacity to point this out to her in conversation, and she very prettily and generously admitted the truth of it. Nothing is so encouraging to Press folk as gratitude; and, oddly, nothing is so rare. At any rate, that has been my experience.

However, the life of the theatre is so busy that there is not always time, perhaps, for gratitude. Most dramatic critics of experience will be able to tell you that one adverse criticism will sweep away the memory of ten laudatory notices. Can you wonder that they get, at times, a little bitter? If the full truth were known, it is very brave of them to smile at all.

Celebrities with the Bicycle.

It was the fashion in those days to be photographed with your bicycle. Almost everybody of note is to be found in these pages standing proudly by a bicycle with a far-away look into the distance, as who should say, "Space has no longer any terrors for me."

"Mr. George Alexander Recruiting at Cromer," reads a legend. Beautifully dressed is the famous actor, with a tight little cloth cap on his head, and a faultless bicycle, mud-guard encasing the chain, at his side.

"Mrs. Beerbohm Tree" is also here with bicycle. Her expression is rather sad, but her little flat straw hat is set at a jaunty angle, and her skirt, with fur round the bottom, just sweeps the ground. Could any costume more appropriate for the work in hand be conceived?

But the best cycling picture of all shows "Mr. Graham Murray, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, and his Wife and Daughter." This is a machine made for three people. The wife

of the Lord Advocate sits in front, high-hatted and heavily skirted; in the middle comes the Lord Advocate's daughter, apparently care-free, having no control whatever of the instrument; at the back is the Lord Advocate himself, standing, a pained expression on his face, steadying the whole group for the benefit of the photographer.



THE ARTIST DAUGHTER OF AN ARTIST: MISS CATHLEEN MANN.

Miss Cathleen Mann is the daughter of Mr. Harrington Mann, the well-known artist, and Member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, and the National Portrait Society. She has inherited her father's talent, and is a very clever young artist who has exhibited work at various London exhibitions. Her father recently gave a large dance for her at 24, Eaton Square.

Photograph by Lafayette.

pictures of topical events. This was the first occasion on which it had been done.

Some Impressions.

On looking through these old numbers, one of the things which strike me most vividly is the very handsome free advertisement *The Sketch* gave—as it still

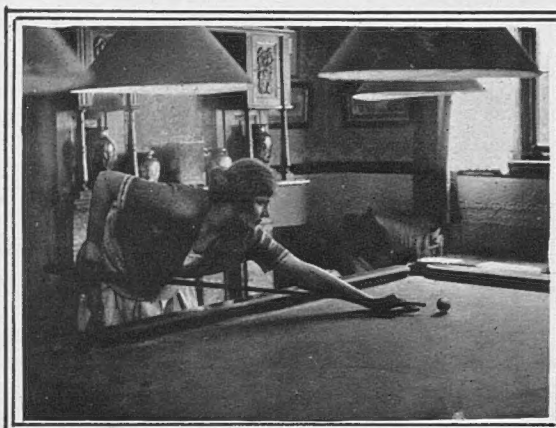
At Teddington: Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry at Home.



IN THE GREENHOUSE: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY (MRS. CECIL KING).



READY FOR A LITTLE EXERCISE: MISS NEILSON-TERRY ABOUT TO GO OUT SCULLING.



BILLIARDS ENTHUSIAST AS WELL AS TRAGIC ACTRESS: MISS NEILSON-TERRY ABOUT TO MAKE A CANNON.



A KEEN GARDENER: THE STAGE FAVOURITE EXAMINING HER STANDARD ROSES.



OUTDOOR GAMES APPEAL TO HER: MISS NEILSON-TERRY ON THE LAWN-TENNIS COURT.



AT THE PIANO: MISS NEILSON-TERRY, MUSICIAN AS WELL AS ACTRESS.

Miss Neilson-Terry is the daughter of Mr. Fred Terry and his wife, Miss Julia Neilson, and is one of our foremost young actresses. She has played many important rôles, and has appeared in Shakespearean productions in both London and New York. Her stage successes include the parts of Portia, Juliet, Rosalind, Lady Teazle, and other classic rôles. She recently made a big hit in London in "The Wheel," in which she

gave a fine performance of emotional acting as the Memsahib, and was subsequently seen in the revival of "Trilby" at the Apollo. She is a very good musician as well as actress, and made her début on the concert platform as a vocalist at the Queen's Hall in 1913. She is also fond of all games, and plays billiards, lawn-tennis, and golf. In private life Miss Neilson-Terry is Mrs. Cecil King.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALEXANDER CORBETT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



The Queen's Goodwood last week—the Queen's first Goodwood—proved royal and loyal, and all that we expected it to be.

Threatening clouds rolled away early on the first day, and bright sunshine greeted her Majesty, who motored over from Goodwood House with the King. The Queen

garden-party, where light and lovely frocks seemed to be a part of the beflowered luncheon arbours.

The Duke of Richmond's party to meet the King and Queen included Lord Hartington, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Dalhousie, Lady Katharine Hamilton, Lord Molyneux, Lord Inverclyde, Lord Esmé Gordon Lennox, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Marcus Beresford, Captain and Mrs. Greer, and, of course, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

House Parties. At Molecombe, Lord and Lady March entertained Lord and Lady Airlie, Colonel and Lady Helena Gibbs, Captain and Lady Amy Coats, Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, Colonel Howard Vyse, Colonel Edwin Brassey, and Lord Settrington.

At West Dean, the place Mr. and Mrs. Sturdy are renting from Mrs. Brinton, the party included Lord and Lady Portarlington, Lord Cochrane, and Colonel and Mrs. Hankey.

Lady Meux has taken a small house at Aldwick; Lady Beaumont—I should say, Violet Lady Beaumont—has a party at Slindon and gave a little dance early in the week; the Edgar Brasseys took a small house for the week only; and Lady Cynthia Moseley entertained, at the house she and Mr. Moseley have bought near Chiddingfold, a party that included her youngest sister, the Guy Westmacotts, Mr. Victor Cazalet, and Captain "Boy" Browning.

Lady Burrell had a large party at Knepp Castle. It included Mrs. Loeffler, who is always so beautifully and so appropriately dressed on every occasion. She had herself just been entertaining a jolly house-party at Frinton for the tennis week.

Lady Jersey was with the Royal party, and looked very well in white lace and a large red hat. The Dowager Lady Airlie, in waiting on the Queen, was also in white, and a becoming black hat trimmed with red roses.

Some of the Dresses at Goodwood. It is impossible to remember now *who* wore *what*. I have dim visions of Lady Mary Cambridge in light

blue organdie, Lady Amy Coates (the Duke of Richmond's granddaughter) all in white, as were also Lady Joan Mulholland, and Lady Katharine Hamilton, who looked quite beautiful. Lady Milford Haven was in a charming blue-and-silver stockinette gown, and arrived with her sister, Lady Zia Wernher, who was all in grey and Nattier-blue. Lady Linlithgow in a becoming pale yellow gown with a black hat, Mrs. Arthur Crichton in bright green, Lady Victoria Bullock in a dainty white lace dress edged with black, Lady Bingham in black, and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire in dark blue are just a few that I remember on the first day.

And on the second I saw Lady Baring, Mrs. Edgar Brassey, Mrs. Rosdew Burn in dark blue, Miss Myrtle Farquharson, Lady Mar and Kellie, and so many others that it would be almost easier to mention those who were *not* there! Lord Lonsdale, without whom no race meeting is complete, drove up with Lord Coventry, cigar and all. The few drops of rain that fell shortly after merely cooled the atmosphere, and when the sun reappeared the glorious panorama of rolling country put one in a mood like no other mood known to habitual race-goers.

The distant hills gradually clothed themselves in blue misty haze. Far away from the back of the stand Chichester's tall spire pointed heavenwards, as though to remind us that— But, after all, no one was wicked enough to need the reminder. No one could feel or *be* wicked at Goodwood. The glimpse of blue waters beyond was all one needed to fill one's cup of happiness. On Trundle Hill the holiday throng was at its merriest—out-Epsoming Epsom on any Derby Day. A brass band contributed its full share to the general merriment. The few luckless men on the private stand who had arrived in regulation Ascot clothes (because of the Queen's presence) were the only thoroughly uncomfortable creatures in Sussex. Every other man was in a lounge suit. The King in his bowler hat had set a fashion somehow spread by magic to every house in the county by breakfast time.

The Cowdray Polo Week. There were many house-parties all over the county, and after racing we all motored over to Cowdray, where Major and Mrs. Harold Pearson, as usual, had their polo tournament, in the park. The usual players, Lord Blandford, Lord Somers, Sir Ernest Horlick, Mr. Clive Pearson, Colonel Ashton (who now commands the 2nd Life Guards—or rather, the two old squadrons



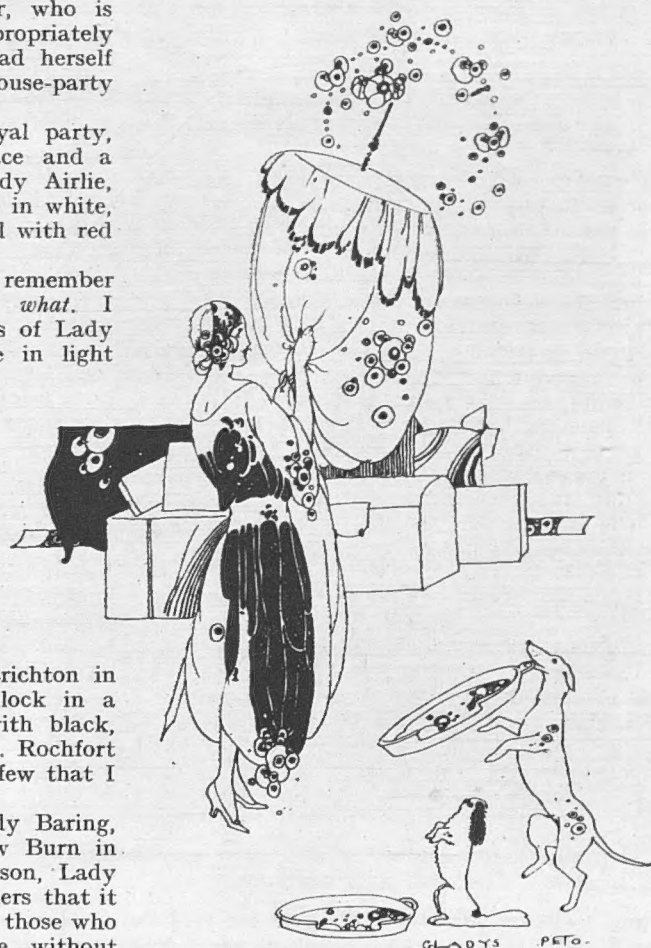
1. Angela and Algy decided to take a walking tour, which they felt very sure would be a pleasant and economical form of holiday. They meant to limit their luggage to the barest necessities which they could carry themselves.

looked beautiful, and even more tall and regal than ever, in a deep cream-coloured gown, with a rose-coloured wrap of velvet and a broad white fox fur. Her hat, with its waving white plume, was most becoming, and the crowds of country folk who saw their Queen for the first time in life were truly delighted. Wave upon wave of cheering floated above the shrill cries of the race-card vendors and the bookies as the Duke of Richmond's house-party arrived.

The King, wearing a grey suit and bowler hat and his usual white buttonhole, was standing with the Duchess of Northumberland (who looked her best in a light grey gown and velvet cloak, with which she wore a large mauve hat) when Weathervane galloped in fourth in the race won so easily by Tetrameter.

There was a general hope that the Queen's presence would bring luck to the royal colours in the big race for the Stewards' Cup. However, Sir H. McCalmont's horse won in a canter from The Night Patrol, in one of the easiest victories ever seen in a race long famous for desperate finishes. Nevertheless, everyone was in the highest spirits.

The atmosphere of convivial friendliness was more than ever felt—a kind of "Thank goodness the season is over—now we can be natural" feeling. It was just an informal



2. But Angela found numerous most important things she simply couldn't do without. One must have frocks for a possible smart occasion—so she packed six trunks and a hat-box. She took her bathing-tent, also—and the gramophone cabinet. The darling dogs must take their baskets, too. One could not have them sleeping just anywhere.

that, joined to the 1st Life Guards, make up the Regiment of Life Guards), Major Lockett, Major Lowther, Major Harrison, Mr. Buckmaster, and Colonel Philippi (who recently married Mlle. Bittencourt, Lady Lisburne's younger sister.)

Besides the parties at Goodwood House, at Cowdray, and at Molecombe, every little house within thirty miles of the course was crammed with jolly people.

But Jane missed the gipsies. Where are they? There were none of the brown-faced tribe who in 1920 swarmed the road and all through the park.

On the second day, when the Queen wore a simple coat and skirt of beige, a sable

Lady Wyndham, in white with a *diamanté* comb in her hair; Mrs. Edward Joicey, in heliotrope; Lady Constance Malleon, with her mother, Priscilla Lady Annesley; Adèle Lady Essex, Mrs. Somerset Maugham, and Mme. Pavlova were among the many Jane saw in the interval.

If the play was a trifle depressing, the brilliancy of the house and the fact that everyone was delighted to see Miss Thorndike again made the evening a first night that rounded off the season delightfully.

It was here, too, that I heard of the most enviable house-party in the Empire. Sir James Barrie is entertaining "somewhere in England" throughout August several of his friends with all their children! Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava are to be among them. Which reminds me that Sir James's inspirations could only be the delightful things they are because he associates with such delightful people. Lady Dufferin is certainly one of the loveliest ladies in the land with her little Greuze face with its great brown eyes, and her small head covered with cropped brown curls, that make you think of "Dear Brutus" even before you realise she even knows Barrie. I wonder if she influenced his decision on the type of "might-have-been" over whom we have all wept for several seasons?

At Lambeth Palace.

Lord William Percy's marriage to Miss May Swinton, niece of "Ole Luke Oie" (as we still think of "Eye-Witness," or, to call him by his name, General Eddie Swinton), was what may be rightly called a "ceremony." The very walls of Lambeth Palace, with their ancient oak pews, defy any bride to be other than circumspectly simple. Miss May Swinton's gown of ivory chiffon over satin, and her lovely old lace veil, were perfectly in keeping with the Archbishop's Palace atmosphere. There were no bridesmaids, but after the service, the happy pair received their families' congratulations in the Primate's private room.

Of course, the Duke of Northumberland had rushed up from Goodwood for the day to attend his brother's wedding. The Duke of Argyll was also there, and Lord and Lady Eustace Percy (the latter were married during the last year of the war, and she was Miss Stella Drummond, who worked so wonderfully in a munitions factory throughout the war). Lord Algernon Percy, Lady Mary Glyn, and all the bride's own family were the only other guests who returned to Gloucester Place for the wedding luncheon.

Miss Idina Myddleton and Mr. John Mills.

was that of Miss Idina Myddleton and Mr. John Mills.

The bridegroom is in the Coldstream Guards, and the bride is the daughter of Colonel R. E. Myddleton, and a niece of Lady Brassey.

Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, and afterwards 28, Draycott Place were both packed, I hear, with summer frocks in full force. Lady Wentworth Fitzwilliam, Lady Chesham, Lady Hardinge, Lord and Lady Henry Nevill, Lord and Lady Camden, Lord Brecknock and Lord Cottenham are just a few of the people who were there.

Other Parties.

And, in spite of Goodwood, London still breathes. There are quite a few people left who are not going to Cowes. Cowes has become a little depressing with so many of

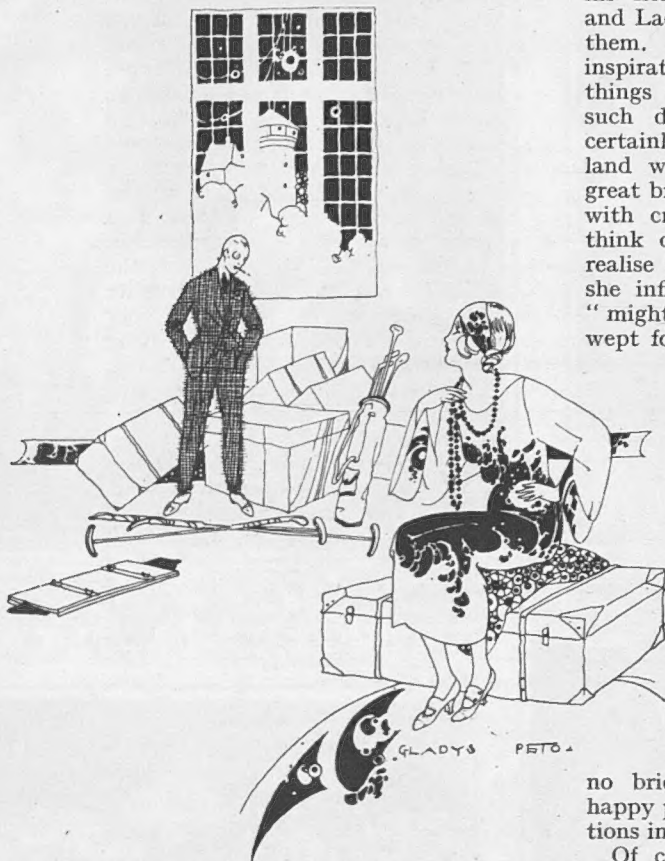
the big yachts gone, and gone, too, so many of the dear old hosts and hostesses.

And now, with August here, and the Glorious Twelfth almost upon us, Claridge's and the Embassy Club must look to their laurels. Who wants to dance when the grouse are on the wing?—that is, if the rains haven't drowned them all. Who but paupers and philanderers and the more pettifogging politicians prefer Hyde Park to Perthshire or—I can't think of any other geographical "P"!—or any place in London to Aberdeen?

Not that Jane is going to Aberdeen. Figuratively speaking, Jane is going to spend August and September in London, looking for a mansion big enough to hold all her bills. And that is what we should all be doing. We all talk of being stony-broke. Everyone I know wails about super-tax and all the rest. And yet Ascot—Goodwood—Cowes—just look at us . . . not a mother's daughter but appeared in fine raiment and a Rolls-Royce (more or less) everywhere. Not a woman amongst us but was prosperous and pleasing. And if that isn't the best sign of feminine pluck in these days of declared penury, I don't know what is. It really means that almost every woman is making money somehow. I heard of one who sells the most delightful little mother-of-pearl flowers for the drawing-room table. She makes them entirely of little sea-shells. I heard of another who makes wash-leather gloves all day long between parties—and sells them to shops. And dozens have hat-shops and dozens more decorate houses; and Jane writes this, and other Janes write other things; and instead of being depressed and hungry, as we all were during the war, jolly old aristocratic England is alive and human, and not one atom ashamed of her poverty so long as the daily bread is paid for somehow.

Only, somehow, to-night Jane is terribly on edge. Jane has been inspired to write a long poem. It may not be a good poem, but Jane thinks it wonderfully good. And it took six months, and was written in ecstasy, or agony (or both), and the publishers offer—the price of one really good square meal!

Beloved public: you will benefit. Jane must stick to her sunbeams out of cucumbers! And now that she has implied herself to be a kind of poet laureate who will only be



3. Algy somehow collected a good many clothes and things, also. He packed seven trunks most carefully, and even then he couldn't get in his polo-sticks and his cherished trousers-press.

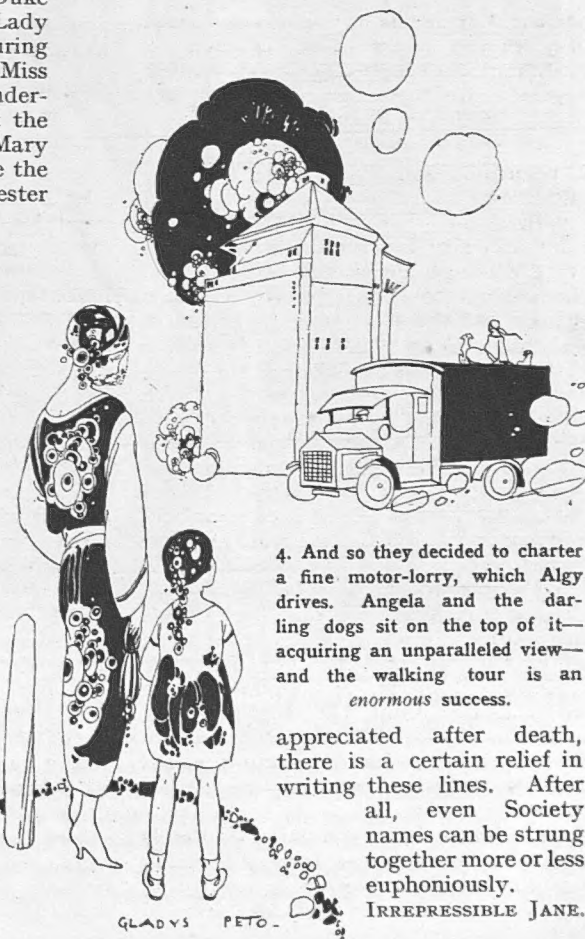
stole, and a small mauve toque, I am sure her Majesty was startled by one or two of the gowns—particularly by a brilliantly red one (geranium red), with which the wearer wore equally red shoes, with the highest possible heels, and white stockings—not pretty. The Duchess of Northumberland was attired to suit the grey skies of the second day, in a black brocade cloak, with which she wore a very becoming large red hat, and looked, as usual, very charming.

A First Night.

One of the most interesting first nights of this season was on Tuesday last, at the New Theatre, where the Princess Royal and her daughters, Princess Arthur of Connaught and Princess Maud, went to applaud Miss Sybil Thorndike and Lady Wyndham, on their new association in management. "Jane Clegg," the play, belongs to another page of this issue for criticism. Jane (the Irrepressible) can, however, comment on the clothes. Miss Thorndike in a grey crêpe marocain was both artistic and fashionable. Her enormously wide ninon sleeves attached to black cuffs by one thread, the cape-like drapery at the back, and the long, mediæval-looking girdle were all new.

The Princess Royal is evidently quite recovered from her recent indisposition; and Princess Arthur looked very well in a black-and-silver gown, with which she wore a wreath of small pink roses.

Another wedding that brought a good many well-known people back from Goodwood



4. And so they decided to charter a fine motor-lorry, which Algy drives. Angela and the darling dogs sit on the top of it—acquiring an unparalleled view—and the walking tour is an enormous success.

appreciated after death, there is a certain relief in writing these lines. After all, even Society names can be strung together more or less euphoniously. IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

THE QUEEN'S FIRST GOODWOOD: SOCIETY AT



ALIGHTING FROM THEIR CARRIAGE: LORD MARCUS BERESFORD AND THE EARL OF CAVAN.



THE GOODWOOD HOUSE PARTY: BACK ROW, STANDING, OF HARTINGTON, THE EARL OF JERSEY, LORD COVENTRY, THE EARL OF CAVAN, CAPTAIN GREER, THE DOWAGER LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND, THE COUNTESS OF MAR



THE WIFE OF MAJOR McCALMONT: LADY HELEN McCALMONT.



WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER: THE HON. MRS. LIONEL TENNYSON.



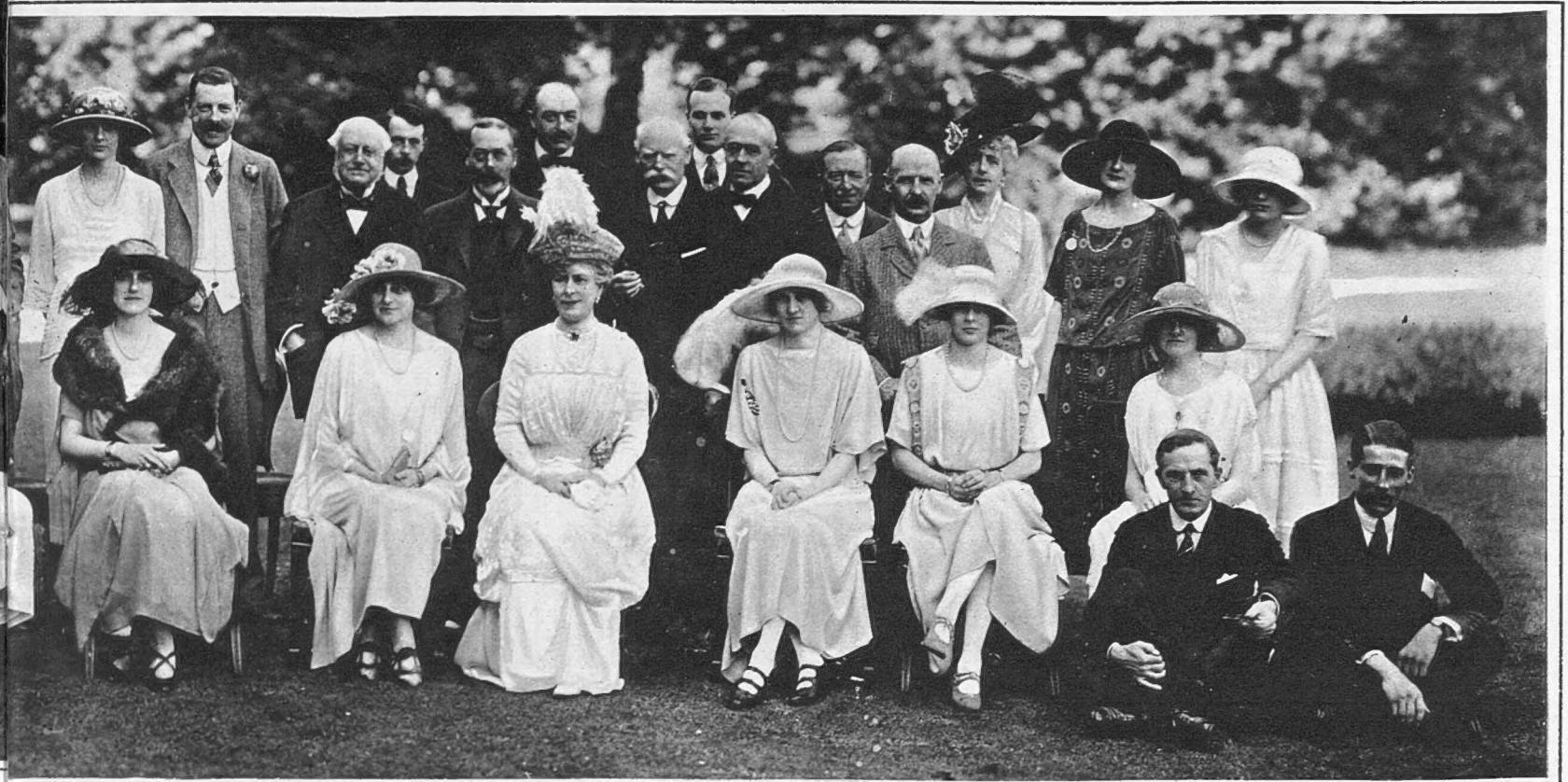
ARRIVING AT GOODWOOD: THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.



WITH MRS. SPENCER AND MRS. HALL: COLONEL INTERNATIONAL POL

Goodwood is always a delightful finish to the London season, and is usually regarded as the final social re-union before Society leaves town for Scotland, Continental watering places, or country-house visits. This year the meeting was specially notable, as H.M. the Queen accompanied the King to Goodwood House to stay with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. The party invited to meet their Majesties was a small one, and included members of the younger set; as the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, the son and daughter-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire, Viscount Molyneux, son of the Earl of Sefton, Lady Katharine Hamilton, the youngest and only unmarried daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, and a recent débutante, were among the guests; as well as such well-known racing enthusiasts as the Earl of Lonsdale and the Earl of Jersey.—Our pages show a group of the guests

THE END OF THE SEASON RACE MEETING.



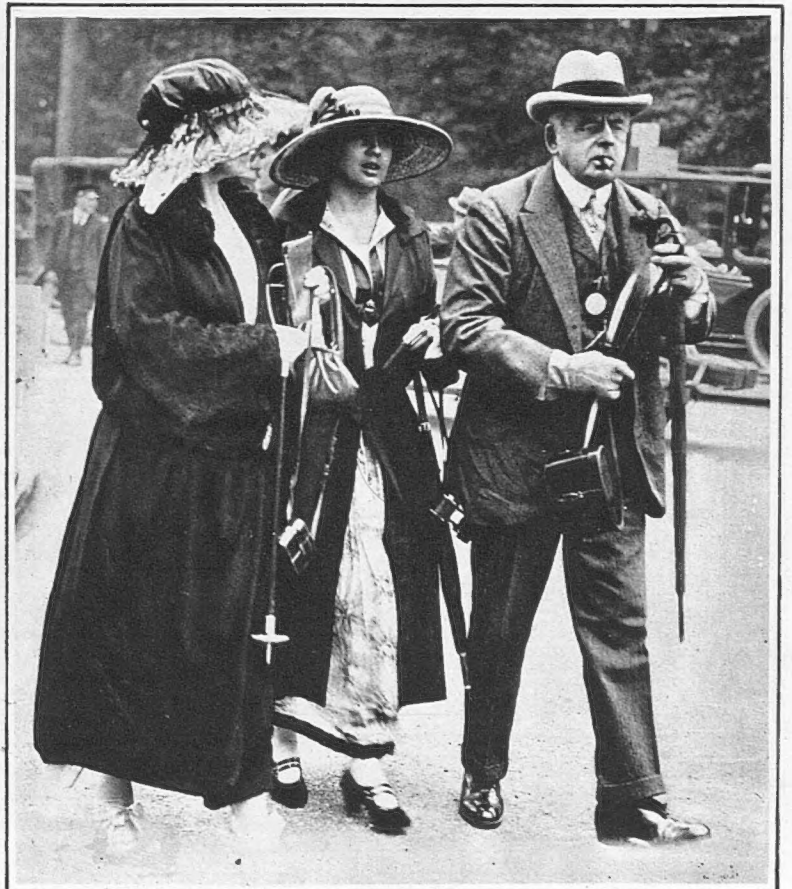
L. TO R., COLONEL CLIVE WIGRAM, LORD ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX, BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. F. TROTTER, LORD MARCUS BERESFORD, THE EARL OF LONSDALE, THE MARCHIONESS THE MARQUESS OF HARTINGTON, H.M. THE KING, MR. LEONARD BRASSEY, THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY, VISCOUNT MOLYNEUX, COUNTESS OF AIRLIE, LADY KATHARINE HAMILTON, AND LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE; AND, FRONT ROW, SEATED, L. TO R., MRS. GREER, THE COUNTESS OF DALHOUSIE, AND KELLIE, H.M. THE QUEEN, THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY VIOLET BRASSEY, AND THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY; AND, SEATED ON THE GROUND, SIR B. GODFREY-FAUSSETT AND LORD INVERCLYDE.



"MOUSE" TOMKINSON, THE LAYER.



WELL KNOWN IN RACING CIRCLES: THE HON. GEORGE LAMBTON.



A WELL-KNOWN OWNER AND HIS WIFE: ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HEDWORTH MEUX, G.C.B., AND LADY MEUX.

at Goodwood House, and also give a number of snapshots of well-known people who attended the meeting. Major Dermot McCalmont is the son of Major-General Sir Hugh McCalmont, K.C.B., C.V.O., whose Tetrameter won the Stewards' Cup. Major McCalmont married a daughter of the fourth Marquess Conyngham.—The Hon. George Lambton is one of the brothers of the Earl of Durham, and a very successful trainer.—Admiral the Hon. Sir Hedworth Meux is another brother of the Earl of Durham. He changed his name to that of Meux in 1911; married Viscountess Chelsea, widow of the late Viscount Chelsea, and is the stepfather of the Marchioness of Blandford, Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, and of a recent bride—the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour, formerly the Hon. Victoria Cadogan.—[Photographs by Russell, L.N.A., and C.N.]

A Feature of Goodwood Week: Cowdray Polo.



LEAVING COWDRAY PARK: THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD AND THE MARCHIONESS.



THE COWLEY MANOR TEAM: MR. FILMER SANKEY, MAJOR HARRISON, SIR ERNEST HORLICK, AND THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD.



AL FRESCO TEA: MRS. MILLER, MRS. BUCKMASTER, COL. CHARLES MILLER, CAPTAIN NAPIER, AND MISS BUCKMASTER.



SPECTATORS: LADY ZIA WERNHER, MRS. HARRISON, MRS. FITZWILLIAM, THE MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN, MISS VANDERBILT, AND MRS. CALLENDER.



WATCHING THE PLAY: SIR WILLIAM BASS, MRS. NAPP, COLONEL PITMAN, AND MRS. PITMAN.



THE HOST AND HOSTESS: MAJOR THE HON. HAROLD PEARSON; AND MRS. PEARSON.

The Cowdray Polo Week is one of the features of Goodwood Week, and Major the Hon. Harold and Mrs. Pearson's guests include practically all the people of note who are staying in the vicinity for the meeting. The Marquess of Blandford plays for the Cowley Manor team. He is the elder son of the Duke of Marlborough, and married one of Lady Meux's beautiful daughters.—Colonel Charles Miller is

the well-known polo-player, and is Managing Director of Roehampton Club.—Lady Zia Wernher is the wife of Major Wernher, and elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby.—The Marchioness of Milford Haven is her sister.—Sir William Bass is the second Baronet. Further photographs of the Cowdray Park Polo Week appear on another page of this issue.

Photographs by Alfieri.

The Lord Chancellor's Younger Daughter as a Reynolds.



POSED AS "LADY GERTRUDE FITZPATRICK," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: THE HON. PAMELA SMITH.

The beautiful child on this page is shown posed as Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous portrait of Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, and the result is a splendid example of modern photographic art. The Hon. Pamela Smith, who is the subject of the picture, is the younger daughter of the Lord High

Chancellor, Viscount Birkenhead, and of Viscountess Birkenhead. She was born in 1914, and is the youngest member of the family. Her brother, the Hon. Frederick Smith, is seven years her senior; and her sister, the Hon. Eleanor Smith, is one of the most popular girls in Society.

PORTRAIT STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

WITH SHACKS LOCATED BY AN "ATMOSPHERE DRIVE":



COMPLETE WITH WOODEN PATHS ON PILES: THE BUILT-UP SETTING FOR "TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY."



IN HER NEW VERSION OF A PICTURE WHICH BROUGHT HER UNDYING FAME: MARY PICKFORD AS TESS.



INSPECTING A MOVIE MINIATURE FOR THE NEW "CELLULOID": CHARLES ROSHER (CAMERA MAN); JOHN S. ROBERTSON (DIRECTOR); AND MARY PICKFORD.



WITH A FLEET OF BOATS AND ALL THE LITTER OF A FISHING VILLAGE!

Mary Pickford has been engaged on the refilming of one of her early successes, "Tess of the Storm Country," the picture of Grace Miller White's story, which is now known as "Tess." The setting for this film is the result of an "atmosphere drive" through Southern California, for the oldest and most dilapidated buildings and shacks that could be found. The work of assembling the selected houses was conducted under the direction of Mr. Frank D. Ormston, and the result is excellent, as our photographs show. The village on the shores of Lake Chatsworth looks the genuine article! Our other snapshots throw some interesting sidelights on the work and life of a film star of the magnitude of Mary. A radiograph is a

MARY PICKFORD BUILDS A FISHING VILLAGE.



TESS "LISTENS IN" ON THE WIRELESS TO ROBIN HOOD:
MARY PICKFORD IN COMMUNICATION WITH "DOUG."



THE WONDERFUL RESULT OF AN "ATMOSPHERE DRIVE": OLD SHACKS SET UP
IN A NEW SPOT ON CHATSWORTH LAKE.

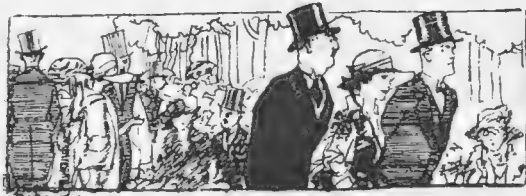


THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TOWN ON CHATSWORTH LAKE.



MARY PICKFORD "OKAYS" A BILL: MRS. PICKFORD (LEFT) WITH HER FAMOUS
DAUGHTER, AND MR. W. W. KERRIGAN, STUDIO MANAGER.

part of the necessary system of communication between the studio and the "location" where the star is at work; but Mary Pickford sometimes uses the mechanism for private purposes. When our photographer took her she was "listening in" to her husband, Doug—who was doing "Robin Hood" a good many miles away! We also show Mary studying the miniature set for her new "celluloid," "Tess," and give an example of how the star must do the work of a business woman, as her studio manager has brought along a bill for her to "Okay." If Miss Pickford is too busy to attend to such details, her mother, Mrs. Pickford, is able to see to them for her. She is shown on the left of her daughter in our photograph.—[Photographs by Allied Artists Corporation.]



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Dean Inge. I heard someone the other day describe Dean Inge as the most truly marvellous product of Eton, Oxford, St. Paul's, and London combined. Not a bad description; because there is so much of variety in the make-up of this divine who has become one of the most arresting figures of the day.

The sobriquet "the Gloomy Dean" has rather passed out. The qualities with which



THE DAUGHTER OF THE ONE-TIME MISS ZENA DARE: MISS ANGELA BRETT.

Miss Angela Brett has been enjoying a visit to Pourville-sur-Mer. She is the elder daughter of the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Brett, and granddaughter of the second Viscount Esher. Mrs. Brett was formerly Miss Zena Dare, the well-known actress.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Dean Inge most impresses are his force, his learning, and his directness. Some of his admirers have of late detected a ray of hope in his survey of men and things. He believes that civilisation may improve—a few thousand years hence. He has written a fresh series of articles upon modern life and politics, and is to publish them as further "outspoken essays" in the autumn. His is one of the intellects of our time.

Miss Sybil Thorndike's Great Gifts.

It is a long time since a first-night audience assembled displaying such goodwill towards a venture as did the one which gathered at the New Theatre to give Miss Sybil Thorndike her send-off. There was every sign, from pit and gallery as well as in the stalls, that Miss

Thorndike has a following. And it should be so, for, judged by every standard, she is our greatest actress; and it is fortunate, also, that behind her she has the ripe judgment and managerial experience of Lady Wyndham, who knows as much about running a theatre as any woman in the modern history of the stage.

Goodwood and the approach of Cowes had drawn many first-nighters from London, but there was a distinguished audience, including Adèle Lady Essex, who came accompanied by the talented Mr. "Eddie" Marsh, Mr. Churchill's secretary; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; Mr. Michael Arlen, the novelist; Sir Alfred Fripp, the celebrated surgeon; Miss Violet Lorraine and her husband; and real actors in Mr. Norman McKinnel and Mr. Robert Lorraine.

Only an actress of calibre could have given us the contrast Miss Thorndike showed in the two parts she played. There was charm in her rendering of the young woman of Society compelled to compete for the man both loved with the girl he had made his mistress. How mellifluous was her voice, how tuneful in its cadences! And in Jane Clegg, disillusioned, resolved good woman, but rather hard, her voice became less pleasing to the ear, but, oh, so convincingly natural. Her performance was a triumph in dominating restraint. It is up to the London that is always talking about sincerity and force in acting to see that this Thorndike—Mary Moore season is well supported.

The Thanks of the Sheik.

A friend, home from Bagdad, an R.A.F. officer, commenting upon our latest method of subsidising the Arabs who do not attack the trade caravans, told me a story that also illustrates life out there.

During some recent religious celebrations, we sent out aircraft to report disturbances that might occur. Nothing did occur, and the usual processions from one village to another were made without incident.

Some days later a sheik called at the aeroplane station. He explained that he had come as representative of all the sheiks to thank the R.A.F. for the honour done them by the escorts of aeroplanes.

The R.A.F. officers listened in wonderment. Gradually they realised that the sheik believed that the Air Force sent out aeroplane escorts for great personages when they made journeys. They had the wit not to disillusion him, and another little bit of good was done for England.

Kilt and Umbrella.

I once saw a sailor coming out of Waterloo Station one pouring wet morning, carrying an umbrella. But no one believed me when I told of the incident, so I gave up referring to it. But at the big review of the London Territorials in Hyde Park the other day, when the rain came down almost continuously, I did unmistakably see a much-bemedalled N.C.O. of the London Scottish, with kilt and bare knees, sheltering under a tiny umbrella. True, he wasn't taking part in the actual parade, but the spectacle looked extraordinarily incongruous.

They tell me that, with the comparative disappearance of the silk hat, and the facilities for getting out of the rain offered by the Tube railways, fewer umbrellas are sold nowadays. Once upon a time, a gold-mounted umbrella was a stand-by wedding present to give a man. And I remember a member of the De la Rue family, who lived near Regent's Park, telling me that he possessed thirteen umbrellas which he kept at various houses and clubs in the City and the West End, so that, wherever he happened to be, a sudden shower of rain did not disturb him.

The New Criterion.

I have always said that the best attraction the Criterion Restaurant could have would be an enormous grill-room run on popular lines. I hope that this is what the big rebuilding scheme will come to mean. The site is made for it. A grill-room is so thoroughly English, and it will do no harm to Piccadilly Circus to possess another grill-room as popular as that at the Trocadero, big and bright, and with a lively band playing.

In the good old days, what a trade such a place could have done at supper-time,



HIS GRACE GIVES "CENTRE": THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AS UMPIRE IN A MATCH BETWEEN TWO SCHOOLBOY TEAMS.

The Duke of Marlborough recently acted as umpire at a cricket match between two teams of Oxford schoolboys, coached by Oxford undergraduates.

Photograph by Alfieri.

when the crowds poured out of the theatres, if it had specialised in homely dishes such as eggs-and-bacon, chops, haddock-and-eggs, and the toothsome Welsh rabbit. And some time those days will come again, and we shall be the happier for them.

With Apologies.



All good dancers have silly faces!

Buy a bottle of **STUPOFIZ** and get there every time...

STUPOFIZ LTD.
LONDON, E.C.4.

MONEY FOR NOTHING! *Think!*

Be a great actor and retire at forty. Many of our students come back again at 50, 60, 70 and even 80. X202 writes: "Just had my 20th farewell performance." Another has just secured a fine job understudying the actor who says "Ha-Ha" in Act 4 of 'Mr. Parkinson's Bet' at the Palloseum.



Start Right Now!



Be a Profiteer!!! and get out of the rut. o o o

Thousands did in the war.

You can do it under peace conditions. There's big money in it!

Let us show you how to be an R.A.



Copy this scratch for a free piece of our mind on your chances of being hung next year. Don't sit & gape! Get a pencil & start!



BECOME A GREAT AUTHOR!

And make millions sob!

Our course of 12 lessons in passion, drivell, intrigue, love and soft stuff will make you a best seller

From the first !!

Send now to the London Academy of Fiction. Strand. London.



I make great Speakers!

Most of the great Barristers - Salesmen - Hyde Park orators & Auctioneers have passed thro' this Institute.

It's not what you say, but how long you take saying it. Enrol forthwith.

Why not be a CABINET MINISTER?

And earn Big Money!

No previous training necessary.

You earn while being shuffled.

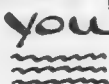
This man has been 1st. Lord, Chan. of Ex., Home Sec., Labour Min.

AND STILL GOING STRONG.



Write YOUR OWN MEMOIRS!

Past lives supplied. No two pasts the same - each course specially prepared for you!



D'EGVILLE

THE GROWTH OF THE "CORRESPONDENCE" IDEA: NEW INSTITUTIONS!

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

Crack Men of the Crack Counties.



A. T. BURLTON.



M. F. S. JEWELL



H. A. GILBERT.



J. F. MACLEAN.

1.

H. A. GILBERT.

H. A. GILBERT has been for many years one of the best slow medium right-handed bowlers among amateurs. His art has suffered since he left Oxford from having had to bowl too much for his county. Up at Oxford he was an England bowler in the making, and was actually reserve for England v. Australia at Birmingham in 1909, when there was far stronger competition for the post of medium right-hander than there was last season. "When at Oxford he "beat and bowled," one after another, all the best batsmen who played against the 'Varsity. Talks of retiring. Is a keen naturalist, and knows the how and why of the art of bowling.



THE TWO CAPTAINS: (LEFT) W. H. TAYLOR (1922)
AND M. F. S. JEWELL (1921)

2.

H. L. HIGGINS.

H. L. Higgins was very severely wounded in the war, which put back his cricket clock several years. At his best he is best Gentlemen's XI. form. A fine, nippy field, as, indeed, a first-class Rugby football stand-off half-back cannot fail to be. Played a great innings this year against Parkin.

M. F. S. JEWELL.

M. F. S. Jewell is one of the best of a big family of cricketers, and was a useful slow left-handed bowler. Captained Worcestershire in the best spirit of the game in the past, and but for men like him cricket in that county would have departed some time ago.

A. T. BURLTON.

A. T. Burlton was in the Sandhurst XI., and is a highly

3.

promising batsman who has a straight bat and much grit and nerve behind it. Is a fine outfield and thrower. As he is a subaltern in our overpaid Army, he is not likely to play much first-class cricket.

W. E. RICHARDSON.

W. E. Richardson is a powerfully built fast medium right-hander who, not unlike others of his kind, has suffered from catches dropped in the slips. On his best day and on a fast pitch he is a most useful bowler.

W. H. TAYLOR.

W. H. Taylor is one of the cheeriest and best of captains any county ever had. He was, in his day, a fast right-hander who had to be reckoned with on any kind of wicket. Worcestershire cricket and every county its eleven meets will be the poorer when Taylor retires.

J. F. MACLEAN.

A very promising amateur wicket-keeper is **J. F. Maclean**, who is an Old Etonian and son of an Old Etonian. Not only is he good with the gloves, but he is also a good forcing batsman in the making. Quite one of the best of our recent youngsters to appear in first-class cricket.



H. L. HIGGINS.



W. E. RICHARDSON

CRICKET STYLISTS PHOTOGRAPHED BY A WELL-KNOWN CRICKETER: VI.—WORCESTERSHIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

A Month of Weddings: July Brides of Note.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. VICTORIA CADOGAN AND MR. JOHN LITTLE GILMOUR, SON OF GENERAL R. AND LADY SUSAN GORDON-GILMOUR: THE WEDDING GROUP.



IN DELPHINIUM-BLUE FROCKS WITH JADE-GREEN EMBROIDERIES: BRIDESMAIDS AT THE MILLS-MYDDLETON WEDDING.

The Hon. Victoria Cadogan is the youngest of the lovely "Cadogan girls," the daughters of the late Viscount Chelsea and of the Hon. Lady Meux. Her train was carried by her nephew, the Hon. John Stanley, son of Lord Stanley; and Master Edward Lambton. The bridesmaids were her nieces, the Hon. Penelope and the Hon. Ursula Mills, daughters of Lord Hillingdon; Miss Ann de Trafford; the bridegroom's niece, Miss Alatheia Knatchbull-Hugessen; and Miss Patricia and Miss Cynthia Cadogan.—Miss Idina Joan Myddleton



LEAVING HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET: MR. J. C. T. MILLS, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS IDINA MYDDLETON.

is the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Myddleton, and granddaughter of the First Marquess of Abergavenny. Mr. John Trueman Mills, Coldstream Guards, is the son of Mr. John Layton Mills, of Tansor Court, Peterborough. The bride's train was carried by the Hon. Charles Cavendish and Lady Patricia Wellesley; and the bridesmaids were Lady Irene Pratt, the Hon. Helen Astley, Miss Cicely Crawley, Miss Joan Astley, Miss Angela Fane, and Miss Joan Egerton; and Mr. Thomas Mills acted as best man.



Tales with a sting.

LOVE AND CHINCHILLA.

BY LOUISE HEILGERS. (Author of "Tales with a Sting.")

THERE comes a time in every man's life when he grows wings in the service of his beloved. Only to discover afterwards that what the lady really wanted all the time was the produce of Bond Street rather than heaven, and that jewels rather than ideals are still Adam's best stand-by when it comes to wooing Eve.

Jerry Endicott—one of the Endicotts—had cast the best of himself at the feet of his beloved, allowing her for six solid months to trample heedlessly on his manhood, before he discovered that Paula was not one whit interested in himself—only for what he could bring her.

Even when he had discovered her for what she was—just the usual little greedy-chorus-girl, with the brain of a commercial genius beneath her mop of bobbed, ruddy hair, and the lure of all the ages in her eyes, and on her fantastically red lips, he still loved her.

There was no denying that Paula Martinez had a way with her, especially when she wanted something badly enough to make it worth her while to be sweet.

She had allowed Jerry to take her out to supper that night, and been so sweet to him coming home that Jerry felt he had never loved her before as he had done that evening, even although all the time a little hard voice was whispering in his brain somewhere, "There's a catch in this: look out."

The catch was a chinchilla coat, lined with ermine, sable cuffed and collared—the sort of coat most women dream at least once in their lives of possessing, before they meekly settle down to accepting for a substitute the ubiquitous rabbit masquerading as coney.

A coat fit for an empress, and costing only a thousand guineas.

"It's a dream..." Paula said, lying back on a purple-and-gold sofa, very satisfying to the eye herself in a sinuous green garment, down the front of which long crystal fringes spilt themselves like midsummer rain, and absurd little green brocade shoes with high scarlet heels. "And so cheap, too—a bargain..." She closed her eyes in ecstasy.

Jerry, listening, felt himself grow pale. "Whoever heard of buying furs in the middle of summer?" he jeered. "Why, the thing's absurd..."

Paula opened her eyes and looked at him calmly. "Summer's the right time to buy them," she corrected placidly then. "Everybody knows that. A coat like that in winter would cost double..."

"W-what!" Jerry almost stammered. "More than a thousand pounds? You're rotting; it couldn't..."

Paula smiled at him sweetly. "I said guineas, not pounds." Her voice grew wheedling. "Can I order it to-morrow?"

Jerry shook his head desperately. "I thought I told you yesterday I was practically cleaned out till next month—I couldn't stump a quarter of the amount at the moment to save my life." He looked at her suddenly a little wearily. "Forget it," he begged, "and I'll buy you anything else you like when I get my allowance next month..."

But Paula shook her head. "I mean to have that coat," she said arrogantly. "I've never seen anything else I wanted more. It comes to this"—she sat up straight on her sofa and looked at him searchingly—"you've either got to beg, borrow, or steal the money I want for that coat, or"—her

red mouth tightened—"I'll never speak to you again..."

"All right then," Jerry stared at her moodily. "Show me a way," he said defiantly; "I'm on..."

Paula took a rose from a vase and nibbled the edge of it thoughtfully.

"There's your father," she suggested, then. "No good in the world!" Jerry declared promptly. "Or rather, he's too good. Think again..."

Paula eyed him shrewdly. "You've got heaps of rich friends and relations, haven't you? Why not try one of them..."

This time Jerry laughed outright. "When did a chap ever have rich relations or friends when it's a question of borrowing from them?" he asked sarcastically. "I bet you anything you like that if I attempted to touch any one of mine, they'd all swear they were already overdue for the Bankruptcy Court..."

Paula hesitated and fidgeted with her rose. Jerry, waiting, divined that even her boldness balked a bit at what she wanted to say next.

"There's Joanna Lumley," she remarked at last—"that rich cousin of yours your people want you to marry: the one that's so potty on you." She laughed maliciously into Jerry's amazed face. "Didn't think I knew all about that, did you?" she taunted. "But I do. Harry Waldron told me. He said this Joanna 'What's-her-name' would marry you to-morrow if you'd have her. She'd lend you the thousand if you asked her..."

"To buy furs for another woman?" Jerry was suddenly scarlet. "Not likely. I'm not that kind of cad. If you can't think of anything better than that, Paula my dear, you'll have to give it up..."

"My chinchilla coat..." Paula uncurled herself swiftly from the purple-and-gold couch and stood erect. "I'd sooner give you up." Her scorn was magnificent. The jewels on her white throat throbbed. She had never looked so lovely.

Before the angry red-and-white desirability of her, Jerry felt all that was decent in him wilt like a fading flower.

If he couldn't have honour and Paula both—well, he supposed he'd have to let honour go, that was all.

But there was a bitter taste in his mouth as he went out presently into the blue-and-platinum night that somehow, even in Maida Vale, seemed to smell of honeysuckle.

The drawing-room of his cousin's house in Portman Square smelt of honeysuckle too, when he was shown into it the next day. There were great bowls of its cool amber and white scattered everywhere.

Joanna, her brown hair glinting in the sunlight, sat knitting by an open window that looked out on to a balcony full of flowers. From below, the sound of traffic beyond the Square came faintly like a dream.

Joanna, in her simple white gown, with her plain, pleasant face and capable-looking hands, was not unlike a dream too—a dream of country things: thatched roofs and hollyhocks and brown plush bees. Try as you might, you could not connect Joanna with purple-and-gold sofas, green shoes with scarlet heels, the perfumes of Coty, the imperious whims of henna-haired Sultanas.

He looked at her admiringly as he shook hands.

"You're like a whiff of meadowsweet in

this sultry old town of ours—how on earth do you manage it? I love you in that white frock..."

It was a shame to make her blush, he reflected idly. Girls with freckles should never be made to blush. It showed them up so. Not that Joanna's freckles were really disfiguring. Some people might even have liked that thin powdering of golden dust on the clear pallor of her face.

He pulled himself up sharply. After all, it was not to indulge in idle thoughts about such things as freckles he had come, and turned with all the magic at his command to the business in hand.

Joanna, still knitting—she belonged to a guild that specialised in good works and enduring clothes for the recalcitrant poor—listened to the gay flow of his words with a heart that sang. Then suddenly she stiffened.

"I suppose—I'm awfully hard up, Joanna—I suppose you couldn't lend me a thousand for a month or so—guineas, not pounds?" Jerry was saying, his mouth twisted whimsically.

But Joanna was silent, listening to the click of her shining needles as they knitted steadily. "He didn't come to see you, after all, only to borrow a thousand pounds—no, guineas," they clicked busily.

"I thought you had promised Uncle Mark to give up betting," she said stiffly at last.

"Little Pharisee—who said I wanted the money for betting or betting debts?" Jerry teased lazily. "As a matter of fact, I don't; so you can write me out a cheque with a clear conscience..."

Joanna put down her work and stared at him with almost painful intensity. "If only I could be sure your own conscience was clean, Jerry," she half-whispered. Then suddenly she stopped and coloured violently. "Oh, I shouldn't have said that—it was awful of me! Forgive me, Jerry..."

But Jerry only chuckled. "Splendid!" he exclaimed. "I love to have people take an interest in the state of my soul. So few of them do. I believe, after all, the Guv'nor was right"—he stared at her boldly, fully conscious of the enormity of his words, but feeling a queer zest in saying them, all the same—"in wanting me to marry you, I mean..."

"Oh!" said Joanna faintly, and covered her face with her hands.

But Jerry, laughing gaily, drew aside her hands. "Goose," he said triumphantly, and kissed her.

Almost instantly he recovered sanity. "Now, what in thunder," he asked himself, "did I want to go and do that for?"

Before he could answer the question satisfactorily the drawing-room door opened and Harry Waldron came in.

He was a distant relation of Joanna's, and there was small love lost between him and Jerry. Indeed, almost immediately after his entry Jerry rose to go.

"I'll give you that cheque to-morrow," Joanna murmured rosily as she accompanied him to the door. "Come early in the morning—about ten..."

Henry, from his seat on a distant sofa, eyed them cynically.

"Jerry's still making a fool of himself over that little actress person we saw him dining with one night," he observed sardonically as Joanna joined him. "Don't let him fool you too, my child. I wonder what his Guv'nor would say," he added, with relish, looking

Crème d'Angélique Takes to Water!



CAPTAIN OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME LADIES' SWIMMING TEAM;
MISS MABEL GRANVILLE.

Miss Mabel Granville, the captain of the London Hippodrome Ladies' Swimming Team, was also the winner of the long-dive competition recently held at the Chiswick Open Air Baths aquatic match between the ladies of Daly's and the London Hippodrome. She is the leader

of the chorus in "Round in Fifty," takes the rôle of Crème d'Angélique in the vocal ballet "My Lady Liqueur," and understudies Miss Lillian Gilbert, who plays the name-part in this number. She looks as charming on the stage as in swimming kit.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

Club Caricatures from the Courts.



III.—A STRONGHOLD OF THE GAME: THE BECKENHAM LAWN-TENNIS CLUB.

The Beckenham Lawn-Tennis Club was founded in 1888, and has always been a great stronghold of the game. The annual tournament, which takes place just before the great Wimbledon struggle, attracts all the "stars," and provides some indication of form for the ensuing Championships. A handsome Challenge Cup, one of the "blue

ribands" of the lawn-tennis world, has been played for annually since the Club's foundation. Among illustrious winners whose names appear on the scroll in the Beckenham Club pavilion are those of Mr. A. W. Gore and Mr. Laurie Doherty, the famous player who won the trophy outright.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER-SMITH.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

A Brilliant Star Among the "Rockets."



IN THE "COLOUR-LAND" SCENE AT THE LONDON PALLADIUM: MISS LORNA POUNDS AND ADGER, THE MASCOT.

"Rockets," the London Palladium revue, is one of the outstanding theatrical successes of the year, and, thanks to clever numbers and a cast which includes both Lorna and Toots Pounds, is an all-round show of the merriest kind. Our photograph shows Miss Lorna Pounds in her "Colour-Land" dress, which is mostly made of ribbons and bells, with

Adger, the black cat mascot of the show. No doubt he is an excellent luck-bringer, but his magic powers have not been severely tested, with all respect to him, for it can't be very difficult to bring good fortune to such an excellent entertainment! It is one of the best shows of its kind ever produced.—[*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*]

Diana in Her Patterned Swimming Suit.



A FILM STAR AND SOCIETY BEAUTY ON THE BEACH:
LADY DIANA COOPER.

If you want to be in the movement this year you simply must not wear a plain black or navy bathing dress. Patterned foulards and crêpe-de-Chine adorned with gay printed designs are the correct water kit; and very pretty they look, as this photograph shows. It is a bathing snapshot of Lady Diana Cooper, the film star and Society

beauty, who is so well known in both artistic and "smart" circles. She is the youngest daughter of the Duke of Rutland, and wife of Mr. Duff Cooper, and has just been refreshing herself by a visit to Pourville as a "pick-me-up" after the strenuous London season which has just come to its close.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

The Universal Game.

Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

I FEEL I shall always want a dash of ozone with my lawn-tennis in future. It seems to give it a rare relish, bringing out the rich, full flavour of the game in a way that the atmosphere of London and district has never quite been able to do for me.

Mind you, I am talking of a very special brand of ozone — so special that it was considered absolutely essential to get some lawn-tennis to go with it; otherwise it would be as ridiculous as mint-sauce minus Mary's uncomfortably constant little "white-as-snow" companion.

So a most delightful spot was chosen, close to the sea, which fairly hummed with this invigorating stuff. And here—when the delvers had delved, and the levellers had levelled, and the builders had builded, and the thatchers had thatched, and the Slazengers had Slazenged—grew up and flourished the Frinton-on-Sea Lawn-Tennis Club. There are over four hundred members,

and twenty-two grass and four hard courts.

In the recent tournament I found Mr. Burrow handling, without turning a hair, the colossal task of concluding over eight hundred matches in about five days (the rain annulled two half-days). But then Frinton has, in Mr. Percy Bangs, an exceptionally able, tireless secretary. On that beautiful instrument, the megaphone, he has few equals. His rendering of recitative

is the perfection of tone and articulation. I knew we were in for a rich treat when, by request, he stood up to render a little gem, the last part of which has been inseparable from his name for years. "Give Shute a shout!" a voice demanded. And the next second the rich, resonant notes of this master of the megaphone rang out with "Gen-er-al Shute!" Any kind of shoot is generally a noisy affair, and I believe it would have been impossible to get this one without Bangs!

A great personality has this genial secretary. And his brain is always at work on some fresh scheme for adding to the

comfort of the members. It was his idea to have a long trough into which balls left about or lost are to be put for reclaiming, like strayed horses or cattle that have been impounded. Throughout every room in the cosy club-house one finds evidence of his inventive genius.

I wish I could get him to consider my great scheme for a weather-defying court. This consists of nothing more or less than a big shallow tray, 78 feet by 36 feet; grass court one side, hard court the other. A huge steel pivot runs through the middle of it, lengthwise, and by means of a powerful windlass worked from a pit 20 feet below, you can have either the grass or hard court to play on, according to the weather.

People have told me that grass won't grow standing on its head, and that during the late autumn (when they should be putting a good top dressing on the lawn) the worms, through the blood running to their heads, will all fall out and break their necks. But these objections, to my mind, are quite trivial.

There were many original touches about Frinton Tournament: ladies acting as waitresses, and grown-up men members as ball-boys. But a positive joy to look upon

these indefatigable players dancing away to the fascinating strains of the "Queen's" dance orchestra at the Queen's Hall. It is run by the same management as the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, where the music and the roof dances are such a big draw. Mr., Mrs., and Miss Bersey, Mrs. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Coverdale (he is not only a Rugger International), V. Burr, J. M. Lowry, Major W. R. Alexander-Keeble, Miss Vivienne Wrangham (a most useful umpire), and Mr. Percy Bangs were all to be seen taking the floor with great success—and no sign of a foot fault.

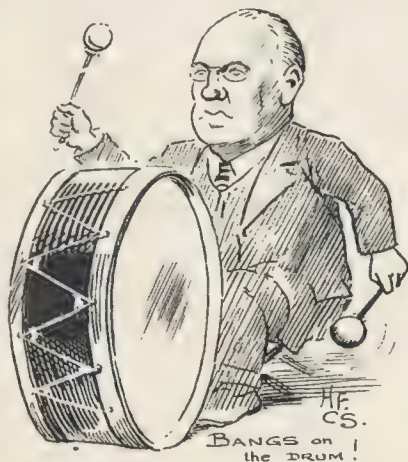
But that orchestra! How could one help dancing to it? I have previously spoken in high praise of the megaphone, but the saxophone, as played by such an artist as the "Queen's" man is a "joy for ever." He makes it positively talk: but so does Mr. Bangs his megaphone. I believe he could make an equal success with the saxophone, and I told a friend of mine so. He disagreed. "If he must play in the band," he said, "give Bangs the drum."

I like to come across people who take defeat with a smile, and are even able to make a joke about it. Somebody came up to a player, who had been knocked out of everything, at Frinton on Friday, and said: "Hullo, what are you in now?" "Only this coat, as far as I can see," was his quick reply.

Another remark I heard in the grand stand, during the semi-final of the mixed doubles. Said a man to his friend: "They always put it to the woman partner's backhand. D'you notice it? Dirty business!"

Yet another "overheard." During the Surbiton Tournament Public Schools event, said an old lady to her friend: "What big school-boys those are!" "Yes," replied one of the men, "and we're both prefects!" Perhaps the title of the event is a little misleading.

These are my best "overheards" for the week, but I expect to gather some more gems for "Sketch" readers in the future.





The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Need History be Dull?

Mr. Philip Guedalla, author of "The Second Empire," has already earned my gratitude, and he will earn a statue in Trafalgar Square if he succeeds in proving to historians that it is possible to tell the story of past events without being dull to desperation.

The average product of our Public Schools and Universities is not merely uninterested in history; he loathes it. And why? Could anything be more fascinating than to hear the grand tales of things that happened in the world before you were born? To discover what sort of men they were who built Empires and destroyed them? Who rose from poverty and obscurity to the highest positions in the realm? Who unravelled the secrets of science? Who journeyed, at the risk of their lives, over uncharted seas and unknown deserts?

The schoolboy should be thrilled with eager anticipation when the history hour approaches. But is he? Well, ask him. What does history mean to him? Dates, dust, and ashes. And, when he leaves school, all he can remember of the history of his own country is that King John died of eating too many lampreys.

And why does he remember that? Because it is something human—one human little touch in all that dismal welter of horrid facts and outworn policies. If King John had not died of eating lampreys, his name would long since have faded from our memories. He did, I believe, sign Magna Charta, but we are not excited about that. We have gone a long way since Magna Charta, but a lamprey is still a lamprey.

A Hint for Pastors and Masters.

By the way, do you know what a lamprey is? No, I am not departing from my subject. I merely wish to demonstrate the opportunities missed by schoolmasters. When I was at school, and read about King John, I never knew what a lamprey was. Had I been told that a lamprey was a fish three feet in length, that it had a rounded suctorial mouth without supporting jaws, and possessed gill-pockets instead of the ordinary gills, I should not have laughed, as we always did, over the lamentable death of King John. I should have shuddered.

That is the way to make history real, vital, human. University Dons, mind you, are no better than schoolmasters. I spent a year of my time at Oxford—a whole year—trying to grasp something about the English and Continental Reformation. I went to six lectures a week on this entrancing subject. Each lecture lasted an hour, and the lecturer was always the same. And the lectures were always the same. He read them out of a book.

I give the learned gentleman credit for having written the book himself; but can you imagine anything more dreary, more depressing, more carefully calculated to make one hate both the English and the Continental Reformation than listening to dull facts read from a book for six hours a week during a whole academic year?

Humour in History.

If there was any humour in the English and Continental Reformation, neither the lecturer nor his pupils ever discovered it. We were as mournful as owls over the sorry business. We laboured through millions of Acts of Parliament, and wrote them down by the correct number—as if that mattered a tinker's cuss!—and kept a yearning eye on the clock.

incantations of the blessed Rousseau and twirled a Jacobin praying-wheel with the rest of his generation, he retained almost to the last the administrative ideals of a sergeant-major."

The Bonaparte Family Exposed.

Mr. Guedalla makes fine play, in point of fact, with all the members of the Bonaparte family. He is ironical, often cruel, but always entertaining. He is not above making you laugh.

"A European war, had, as usual, washed the Army contractors into Society, and they enjoyed a freer field than usual in view of the recent execution of most of the people who might have snubbed them. The spectacle of their purveyors is always peculiarly exasperating to soldiers, who are apt to recollect the quality of the stores supplied; and polite society under the Directoire consisted almost entirely of such persons, with a slight admixture of politicians."

When Napoleon arrived at St. Helena, he soon set to work on what the author terms the "propaganda of Bonapartism." He had made the rather obvious discovery that no creed is popular unless it is based on martyrdom, and he decided to found the gospel of Bonapartism on his own martyrdom.

"The problem which confronted those aging and irritable men in their farmhouse in the tropics was the adjustment of Napoleon's record to the novel exigencies of Bonapartist doctrine."

The Emperor's career was hastily rearranged so as to catch the high lights of fashionable theory."

What an admirably illuminating phrase is that: "Those aging and irritable men." How does the author know that they were irritable? Why, he merely presumes it. Could they have been otherwise? What a situation! What a life! What a task! Of course they were irritable! The word makes them live for us; makes them human; makes them comic. We can see them bending over their job, conferring, arguing, losing their tempers, sulking. Nobody should attempt to write history who cannot live with the people he is writing about. History is not a

matter of dates; it is warm flesh and blood.

Touches of Pathos.

But your good historian must be more than comic if he is to be human; he must engage your sympathy with the pathos of his characters. To prove Mr. Guedalla's skill in this respect, I cannot do better than quote two charming passages. Here is the first—

"That night [the night of a visit from Chateaubriand and Dumas] there was a little music in the drawing-room, and Hortense sang one of her old songs:

"Où, vous plairez et vous vaincrez sans cesse;
Mars et l'amour suivront partout vos pas;
De vos succès gardez la douce ivresse,
Soyez heureux, mais ne m'oubliez pas!"

(Continued overleaf.)



ALREADY INTERESTED IN ATHLETICS: GEORGES CARPENTIER'S YOUNG DAUGHTER AND MME. CARPENTIER.

Little Mlle. Carpentier, the daughter of Georges Carpentier, the famous boxer, has been visiting Pourville, near Dieppe. This snapshot suggests that the young lady already takes an interest in athletic sports.—[Photograph by C.N.]

In all history there is humour, if you know how to find it. That is the joyous thing about Mr. Guedalla. He writes about the Bonaparte family as though he had lived with them as a paying guest. He gives you the illuminating flashes of a first-class descriptive journalist. And he has not the slightest respect for anybody who ever preceded him in this vale of ironic laughter.

"The lessons which Napoleon learned from the Revolution," he says, "were at once simpler and less unsettling than those which it taught to his more impressionable contemporaries. The forcible reconstruction of the French system by the men of the First Republic, from which the world has learnt so much, taught Napoleon so little; and, although he piously muttered the orthodox

Searching for Ectoplasm: The Test of Eva.



"A VEILED FACE APPEARING NEXT THAT OF THE MEDIUM":
EVA MATERIALISES ECTOPLASM.



A MASS OF SUBSTANCE COMING APPARENTLY FROM THE NECK
AND STRETCHING OVER EVA'S CHEST."



SHOWING THE BLACK MAILOT WORN BY THE MEDIUM: THE SMALL
LABORATORY WHERE EVA UNDRESSED AT THE SORBONNE.

The phenomena produced by Eva, the well-known medium, who claims that she can materialise ectoplasm—a mysterious substance which emanates from her body—were made the subject of a series of tests at the Sorbonne. Eva undressed in a small room, while under the supervision of one of the investigators. Her hair was taken down, and she was then dressed in a maillot of black, which fastened down the back. Mme. Bisson, who demonstrates with Eva, and whose book, "Les Phénomènes Dits de Matérialisation," created so much interest, put her in a trance, and then allowed two of the distinguished men making the test to hold her hands until the seance finished. There were fifteen seances. In spite of being in a trance, Eva spoke, and twice a manifestation of what was said to be ectoplasm occurred. On the third seance a curious substance appeared from the mouth of the medium, but Professor Dumas was only able to touch it with his wrist for a moment before it disappeared; while on the twelfth seance, a substance resembling a leaf of indiarubber was seen for a moment to appear from her mouth.



THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE TESTS AT THE SORBONNE:
EVA'S ARM-CHAIR, THE DARK CABINET, AND THE SEATS
FOR THOSE MAKING THE TEST.

No manifestation such as those shown in our photographs, which are reproduced from Mme. Bisson's book, was made during the whole 15 seances.

Continued.

"It was the song which she had sung to the Emperor on the night before he drove away to the campaign of Wagram, and Josephine had sat watching his face, because there was something of her own story in the words. At the end of the song, Napoleon told his wife that she was the kindest thing on earth and kissed her and turned unhappily away. The Empress had sat weeping in the *salon*; and twenty-five years later, when the Emperor and his Empress were both dead four thousand miles apart, Hortense sang the old song again in exile for Dumas."

And here the second—

"Hortense was slowly dying on a couch in her garden, as her son dreadingly worked his way up the Rhine from Rotterdam to the Swiss frontier. When he came to Arenenberg, she was asleep, and they would not let him see her. But on the next morning (it was an August day on the lake outside) he came to her bedside. Seeing her son again, she lingered into the autumn. It was her belief that they would meet once more and for ever; when he was in America she had written to him: '*Bien sûr on se retrouve: crois à cette douce idée: elle est trop nécessaire pour ne pas être vraie.*' And in that belief, with her face towards her son, Hortense died on an October morning in the year 1837."

"*Elle est trop nécessaire pour ne pas être vraie.*" Shakespeare himself never said anything more beautiful, or more beautifully, than that

Disraeli and Well, here I am, eating up my space, and I have not yet given you an inkling of a quarter of the good things to be found in this vivid book. Disraeli figures in it pretty considerably, and so does Swinburne. Mr. Guedalla cannot help having fun with Disraeli

"The imagination of Mr. Disraeli, always so inflammable by royalty."

"Mr. Disraeli enjoyed the rare delight of making seven reverences in his Court suit, each time to a different royal personage."

"Mr. Disraeli came to Paris, dined out eleven nights running, and failed to impress the Emperor."

"For reasons which were a trifle mysterious to most of her subjects, the armed forces of Queen Victoria were engaged in hostilities against the Zulus, and Cetewayo's *impis* disturbed that Peace which (with Honour) had been so recently promised by Lord Beaconsfield to the British electorate."

Swinburne, of course, as Mrs. Watts-Dunton recently reminded us in her delightfully amusing book, detested the very name of Bonaparte. It was a lifelong hatred, at any rate.

"One afternoon he [the Emperor] passed an open cab and bowed vaguely to an Admiral Swinburne and his lady; the Admiral's hat came off smartly as the Emperor drove by; but there was a white-faced undergraduate on the box whose hat remained sternly perched on a great pyramid of red-republican hair."

"The House [the Oxford Union] enjoyed the engaging spectacle of Mr. Swinburne of Balliol, whose room was decorated with a portrait of Mazzini, urging upon it with all the inconsequence of true conviction (and in breach of the Society's admirable rule that members may not read their speeches)"—of which admirable rule one

may say in passing that this seems hard, since nobody else reads them—"that although some benefits have accrued from the rule of Louis Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons to the Throne of France is much to be desired." The amendment received no support outside the four members



PLAYING IN THE GOODWOOD POLO WEEK AT COWDRAY PARK: LORD SOMERS.

Lord Somers, D.S.O., M.C., is one of the players in the Cowdray Polo Week, which takes place during Goodwood, the games being played in the mornings and evenings, before and after the racing, with the finals on the Saturday following the end of the meeting. Lord Somers, who is the sixth Baron, married Miss Daisy Finola Meeking last year.

Photograph by C.N.



AT THE ANNUAL PARADE FOR HORSES WORKING ON THE ESTATE: THE HON. HAROLD AND MRS. PEARSON WITH TWO OF THEIR DAUGHTERS.

The Hon. Harold Pearson, elder son of Viscount Cowdray, has instituted an annual parade for all horses working on his estates at Cowdray, when awards for general condition and turn-out are made. The Hon. Harold Pearson, who married Miss Agnes Spencer-Churchill, has five daughters and one son.—[Photograph by C.N.]

who spoke in its favour; and it may be supposed that the Bourbons, who learnt nothing, were never aware that they had engaged the momentary support of Mr. Swinburne."

"The Head of the House of Coombe."

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett continues to write gracefully and sympathetically about small children. In her latest novel she introduces us to a

Lady Downstairs—what an admirable title, "The Lady Downstairs" would have made! and a small, neglected daughter upstairs.

They lived in a tiny house in a fashionable quarter; but children may be just as unhappy in Mayfair, when their mothers leave them entirely to the mercies of vicious nurses who pinch, as in Whitechapel.

Poor little Robin had a nurse who pinched until the child was blue with the marks of the strong, cruel fingers. The name of the nurse was Andrews, and there is a terrible scene in which Andrews prepared systematically to torture the little girl.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't forget," she said.

But Robin scrambled under the bed, kicked madly, and screamed. Andrews, threatening worse and worse tortures, tried to get her out, and at last succeeded. At that instant, luckily for the child, Lord Coombe came on the scene.

He was not Robin's father, but he paid the rent of the house in which the child and her mother lived, and no more need be said on that point. Personally, I forgive him much for commanding the nurse with the pinching fingers to pack her box and clear out of the house at once.

That was not sufficient punishment, however. Andrews should have been stripped tied to the tail of a cart, and dragged through the public streets. Until we do something of that sort, we shall never put a stop to this torturing of defenceless children by evil-tempered and vicious-minded women.

When I was a small boy, my mother used to give copies of "Black Beauty" to ostlers and other men whom she had seen ill-treating horses. A gentle and a sweet rebuke.

I would like to give a copy of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's book to many a nurse and many a selfish, fluffy-headed mother in this happy land

"And the Next." Let us end on a cheerful note. Mr. R.

S. Hooper, who is known to fame as "Simple Simon" of our sister *Eve*, has collected a number of his gay-hearted essays into a volume which he calls, "And the Next." "Saturday to Monday," the first section of the book, introduces you to the game of "Folf": in other words, golf in a fog.

"Suddenly, I noticed something dark moving on my left. It must be Charles, I thought, and walked hard in the same direction. After a few yards I lost him. All was mystery and silence. Unfortunately, I had come away without my foghorn. Suddenly, there came a voice from the grave. 'How many have you played?' it shouted. 'Two,' I called back, and almost stepped on my ball. I could have sworn something had happened to the eighth hole. It was much longer than it used to be."

Mr. Hooper has evidently been seized with the happy notion of being jolly on gloomy subjects. And he does it with a rush that you will find inspiring if you happen on the book at the right moment, with the right chair under you, and the right cigar in your right hand.

The Second Empire. By Philip Guedalla. (Constable; 16s. net.)
The Head of the House of Coombe. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

And the Next. By R. S. Hooper. (The Bodley Head; 6s. net.)



"Anthony
Hope's"
Débutante
Daughter.

THE ONLY
DAUGHTER OF SIR
ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS,
THE FAMOUS NOVELIST:
MISS BETTY
HAWKINS.



Miss Betty Hawkins is the débutante daughter of Sir Anthony and Lady Hope Hawkins. Her father is perhaps better known as "Anthony Hope," the famous novelist, and author of "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and other popular successes. Miss Hawkins is a very

charming girl and a beautiful dancer. She is very like her lovely Titian-haired mother, who is American by birth, the daughter of Mr. Charles Sheldon, of New York. Lady Hawkins recently gave a very successful dance for her daughter.

Photographs by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

With the Future Crown Princess: Society in Japan.



WITH HER MOTHER AND YOUNGER SISTER: PRINCESS YOSHIKO, THE FIANCÉE OF THE JAPANESE CROWN PRINCE, AT THE SEASIDE (LEFT).



WEARING A PARIS TOQUE WITH HER KIMONO: A JAPANESE LADY OF FASHION.

These Society snapshots show the future Crown Princess of Japan, the eldest daughter of General Prince Kuni, enjoying simple seaside pleasures with her mother and younger sister. She is now Princess Yoshiko of the House of Kuni, and is engaged to the Crown Prince. Our lower snapshots illustrate the trend of fashion in smart Japanese circles. The women of Japan are too clever to forsake their national



SHADED BY A WESTERN PARASOL: AN ORIENTAL BELLE WITH A HAND-BAG.

dress—the kimono with its beautifully tied “obi”—as they know that it suits them as no Western costume could ever do; but they give it an added cachet by wearing a hat from London or Paris, carrying a black silk hand-bag in true European style, and using a Western parasol—not a Japanese sunshade. The toque supplies the greatest innovation, for Japanese ladies have never worn hats before.

Society Portraiture—New Style: No. IV.



A CHARMING AMERICAN VISITOR TO LONDON: MISS CORNELIA FREDER.

Miss Cornelia Freder is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Freder, of New York and Long Island. She has just completed a world tour, and arrived in London from France in time to enjoy the most

wonderful season since the war. Miss Freder is not only a favourite in Society, but is a very clever girl, and an ardent worker in the cause of charity.—[Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.]



Some Famous Golf Rounds.

By R. Endersby Howard.

This Year's Big Four. I cannot remember any season which has produced so many truly remarkable rounds of golf as the present. Four, in particular, possess all the elements of historic



COMPETITORS IN THE BUCKS CLUB GOLF TOURNAMENT OUTSIDE THE CLUB HOUSE AT PRINCES', SANDWICH: COMMANDER H. LEGGE, MR. F. N. LLOYD, LORD CARLTON, MR. H. TWEED, AND MAJOR H. GARRARD.

Photograph by S. and G.

performances. The first was George Duncan's score of 68 in the final eighteen holes of the *Daily Mail* £1000 tournament on the old course of St. Andrews—a feat that enabled him to win after he had seemed so hopelessly out of the hunt that nobody gave a thought to him until he was finishing. The second was another last-round effort by this self-same meteor of the links, whose brilliancy when the spirit moves him is incomparable. It was his 69 on that Friday evening at Sandwich when he failed by only one stroke—the last stroke of the meeting—to tie with Walter Hagen for the British Open Championship. The third was Aubrey Boomer's 65 at La Boulie in the third round of the French Open Championship—a score that left the rest of the field to mark time while he went on to win as he pleased. The fourth was Gene Sarazen's 68 in the last round of the United States Open Championship at Skokie, near Chicago—an amazing accomplishment by a young player of twenty-one in the critical stage of a tournament.

One Swallow and a Summer. There are widespread lamentations about the falling-off in the standard of golf, but there is no getting away from the merit of these four performances. They are worthy to rank with anything that has been done in the past. Among the amateurs, I am not sure that the quality of play is so high—or at any rate so consistently high—as it was in the days when Mr. John Ball, Mr. Harold Hilton, the late Mr. John Graham, and Mr. Robert Maxwell were at the zenith of their powers. Many of us thought that it was on the point of reasserting itself when, in last year's Open Championship, Mr. Roger

H. Wethered only lost first place after a tie with Jock Hutchison. But, alas! the swallow that made a summer for us in 1921 has been unable to repeat the prodigy, nor has a second swallow appeared to take his place!

A Question of Control.

If there is one aspect in which the leading amateurs of to-day compare unfavourably with their predecessors, it is in the playing of iron shots. What always struck me when watching Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Graham, and Mr. Maxwell was that they hit their iron shots not only with the same power and precision as the professionals; they were also just as consistent in securing the desired results. Their successors are often brilliant, but they are irregular. They lack that definite control over the ball which we came to regard as second nature in the first-class amateur. Why this should be it is difficult to say. True it is, however, that the best of them are still young. They are members of the rising generation that survived the war. Probably they are even now learning the art of controlling the ball.

Vardon in His Heyday.

Let us try and remember some famous rounds of the past. How would Harry Vardon—the greatest golfer that ever lived—have fared at his best if he had been playing against Duncan, Boomer, and Sarazen when they accomplished the scores mentioned above? I happened to see a particular lot of Vardon in his heyday—perhaps more than anybody else—and my impression is that, whatever had been put up against him, he would have been equal to it. In a burst of quiet confidence he said to me not long ago: "I really could hit a ball then. I knew whenever I took a club in my hand just where the ball was going to finish, and that I could beat my opponent's shot." And he was in that wondrous mood for two whole years. I think the best thing he ever did was to beat J. H. Taylor by eleven up and ten to play in the thirty-six holes final of an open tournament at Portmarnock, Co. Dublin. He had a first-round score of 69 that day with a gutta-percha ball. And he made it in a pair of shoes which—having been dried not wisely but too well after six hours in the rain—split right across the soles as he hit his first drive!

More Magic.

Probably Vardon's next best performance was also against Taylor and in Ireland—a twelve and eleven victory at Dollymount, Co. Dublin. Taylor reached the ninth hole in 39 strokes, which was then the scratch score for the outward half. And he stood seven holes down! In connection with scoring competitions, a 69 at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea and a 71 at Mid-Surrey—both with the

gutta-percha ball—were the most discussed rounds of Vardon's own greatest years, and I know he regards them as his best. I have a special recollection of the Mid-Surrey round. The only mistakes he made were that, with two drives, he was slightly off the line. Each time a big tree barred the straight path to the green, and each time he took a brassie, played a sliced shot round the tree so as to make the ball fly in a sweeping semi-circle from left to right, and laid it a few yards from the hole.

A Great Recovery.

I do not know which Mr. John Ball regards as his happiest golfing memory, but I imagine that he has no success more gratifying to recall than his victory over Mr. S. Mure Fergusson in the final of the Amateur Championship of 1894, at Hoylake. He was a young man then, engaged in building up a reputation, and when he lost the first four holes in this match (the final consisted of only eighteen holes), he looked remarkably like receiving a set-back. But he drew level at the sixteenth, and with a wonderful brassie shot on to the seventeenth green—a shot that is talked about to this day—gained the lead there and won by a hole. That brassie shot was about the biggest risk then anybody ever took when standing all even. The people who saw him preparing for it said that he could not possibly bring it off.

Taylor's Glorious Failure.

I imagine that Taylor views as his best round the 68 which he accomplished at Sandwich in an expiring effort to win the Open Championship of 1904. It was almost exactly the parallel of Duncan's recent attempt to overtake Hagen, on the same links. Taylor, too, knew what was needed of him, for Jack White had finished early with an aggregate of 296. Taylor required a last round of 67 to tie. He went out in 32, and I believe he would have done the 35 home—a score which nobody has ever accomplished for the long last nine holes in a Sandwich championship—if he had not been

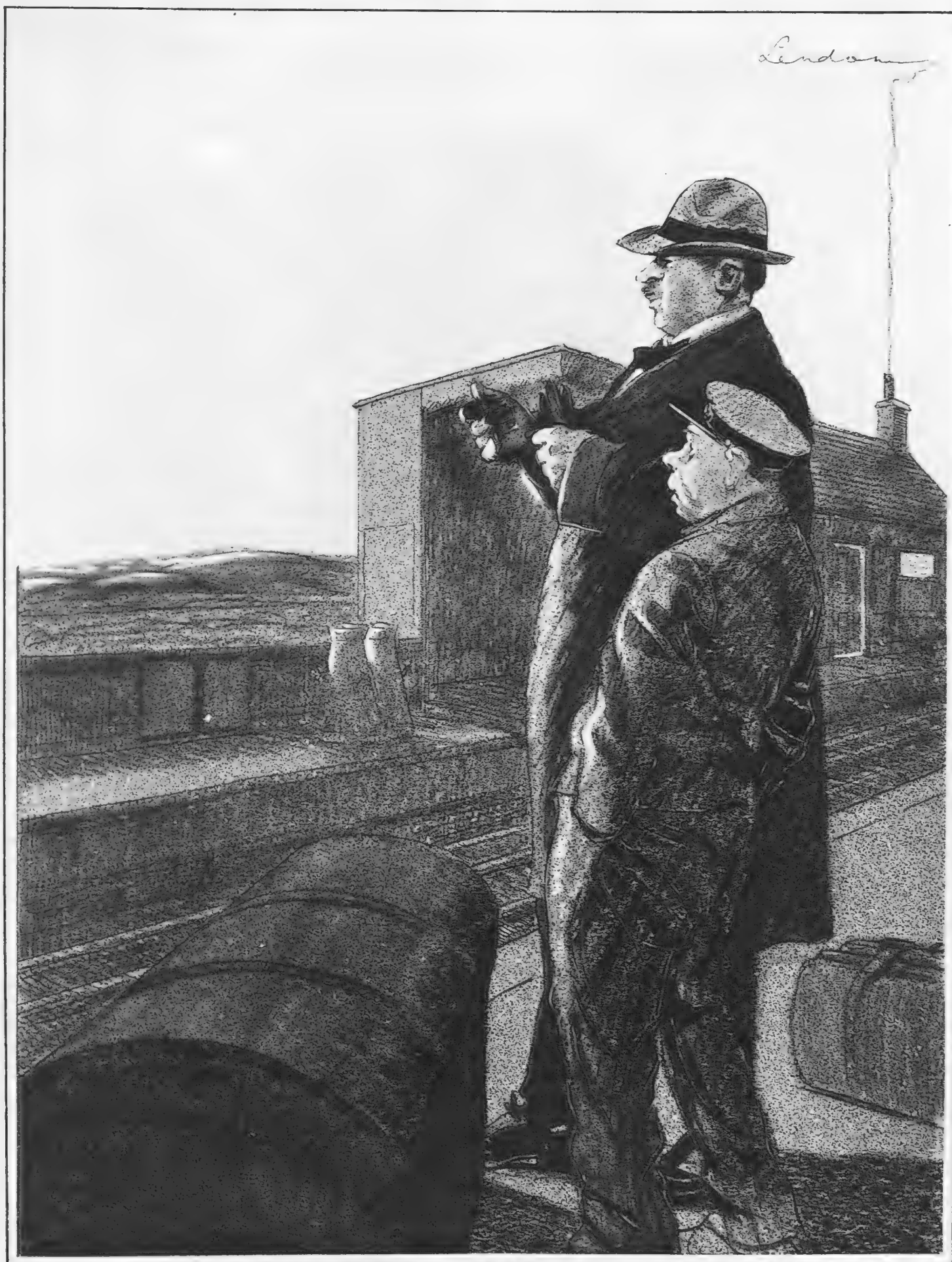


COMPETITORS IN THE BUCKS CLUB GOLF COMPETITION AT PRINCES', SANDWICH: CAPTAIN F. C. COVELL, LORD TWEEDMOUTH, MR. C. L. BLUNDELL, AND MR. F. N. LLOYD.

Photograph by S. and G.

kept waiting on the sixteenth teeing ground. His concentration broken, he did not quite get hold of his tee shot, and a four here instead of a three resulted in his defeat.

"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary!"



THE CHATTY PASSENGER: It's fine to see the sunset tipping the distant hills with gold.
 THE PORTER: Ay, Sir; an' before the war I used often ter be as lucky as them 'ills.

DRAWN BY W. W. LENDON.

Plays — Without Prejudice.

"THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Enter an Actress.

But, of course, one cannot hope to tell you anything fresh about it. You have all seen—the fact has been heralded with trumpets appropriate to the sudden arrival of a New Revelation—that a British actress has been positively seen (and heard) to Act. This startling innovation in a profession of which the sole accomplishment was previously believed to be an amiable smile and a few languid movements has raised Miss Gladys Cooper to the dizzy heights of fame.

Rara Avis. And one is particularly glad to see her there. Because Miss Irene Vanbrugh must have been feeling a little lonely. Even with the enlivening company of Miss Sybil Thorndike. So the arrival of Miss Cooper as an actress who really condescends to act is an event of some importance in British dramatic history. One hopes that the habit may rapidly become general, and that a number of other charming young ladies may be encouraged by the rapturous reception which we have all given her to rely a little less on their personal charm and a little more on any hints about acting which they may be able to pick up from the producer (to say nothing of the dramatic critics).

The Play's the . . .

But then Sir Arthur Pinero has given her a real play to act in. Such a difference, you know, from the average piece that is washed up on the shores of time after an adventurous career in the waste-paper baskets of half-a-dozen managers, syndicates, egg-merchants, millionaires, and all the other peculiar people who control our dramatic pabulum. But away back in the Nineties, when Paula Tanqueray first came upon the town (or, if one is to be Eighteenth-Century, left it), a play had to be a play. With a point. And dialogue. And a subject. And all sorts of other things. Instead of a mere disquisition demonstrating the immense superiority of the author to his audience.

Method.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is, if it is not too late in the day to say so, a first-rate piece of dramatic writing. The note is struck in the opening sentences, and hardly a line of the play is off the target of its slowly moving, its rather terrible subject. Yet the cunning writer of it has steered between the Scylla of Mr. Shaw's aimless discoursings and the Charybdis of Mr. Galsworthy's economical (to the verge of meanness) dramatic treatment of a subject. There is life in the Nineties yet.

Sir George and Mrs. Pat.

And if one was not convinced already, one was copiously reminded of the fact by the

gush of reminiscence provoked in the seats all round. Whenever something of particular



MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AND LADY WYNDHAM PRODUCE "JANE CLEGG" AT THE NEW THEATRE: HENRY CLEGG (LESLIE FABER) THROWS OUT MUNCE (THOMAS WARNER) IN FRONT OF JANE (SYBIL THORNDIKE).

Mr. St. John Ervine's play, "Jane Clegg," has been chosen by Miss Sybil Thorndike and Lady Wyndham for their first production at the New Theatre. Miss Thorndike gives a wonderful performance of restrained suffering. Jane Clegg endures the sorrows brought on her by a worthless husband.

Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.



THE CLEGG FAMILY WAITING FOR HENRY TO COME HOME: JANE (SYBIL THORNDIKE), MRS. CLEGG (CLARE GREET), JENNY (SYLVIA HAIDEE), AND JOHNNIE (SYDNEY RUDSTON) (L. TO R.).

The level of the acting in "Jane Clegg," at the New Theatre, is extremely high. Miss Clare Greet's performance as the foolishly doting, yet pathetic mother of a worthless son is a fine piece of work; Miss Sybil Thorndike is splendidly restrained as Jane; and the two children, Sylvia Haidee and Sydney Rudston, are the best stage boy and girl who have been seen for some time.

Photograph by Farrington Photo Co.



interest is happening on the stage at the Playhouse, your neighbour on the left loudly tells a friend just how Sir George Alexander used to do it at the St. James's, whilst somebody behind favours the vicinity with a lucid and high-pitched exposition of the unrivalled accomplishments of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. And, indeed, all through the evening one has her image in mind. Not that Miss Cooper is in the least like her—or tries to be. But one cannot think of Paula Tanqueray without a memory of the haunted, miserable eyes of that nerve-racked woman. Miss Cooper never gets (and she is wise not to try) the nervous strain and collapse of her heroine. Her Paula is a more superficial, slightly shriller, faintly more vulgar person than the wretched woman who was hunted through the four Acts of the piece when Mrs. Campbell played the part.

Then and Now. Mr. Dennis Eadie somehow seemed too modern, too intelligent to be guilty of the complacent stupidity of Aubrey Tanqueray. He never managed to wear his ineptitude as lightly as Sir George Alexander used to. One feels all the time that he would have had the sense to smack his unpleasant little daughter and pack her off to her convent again. Her inadequacy is exasperatingly well played by Miss Molly Kerr.

Mention Should Also be Made . . .

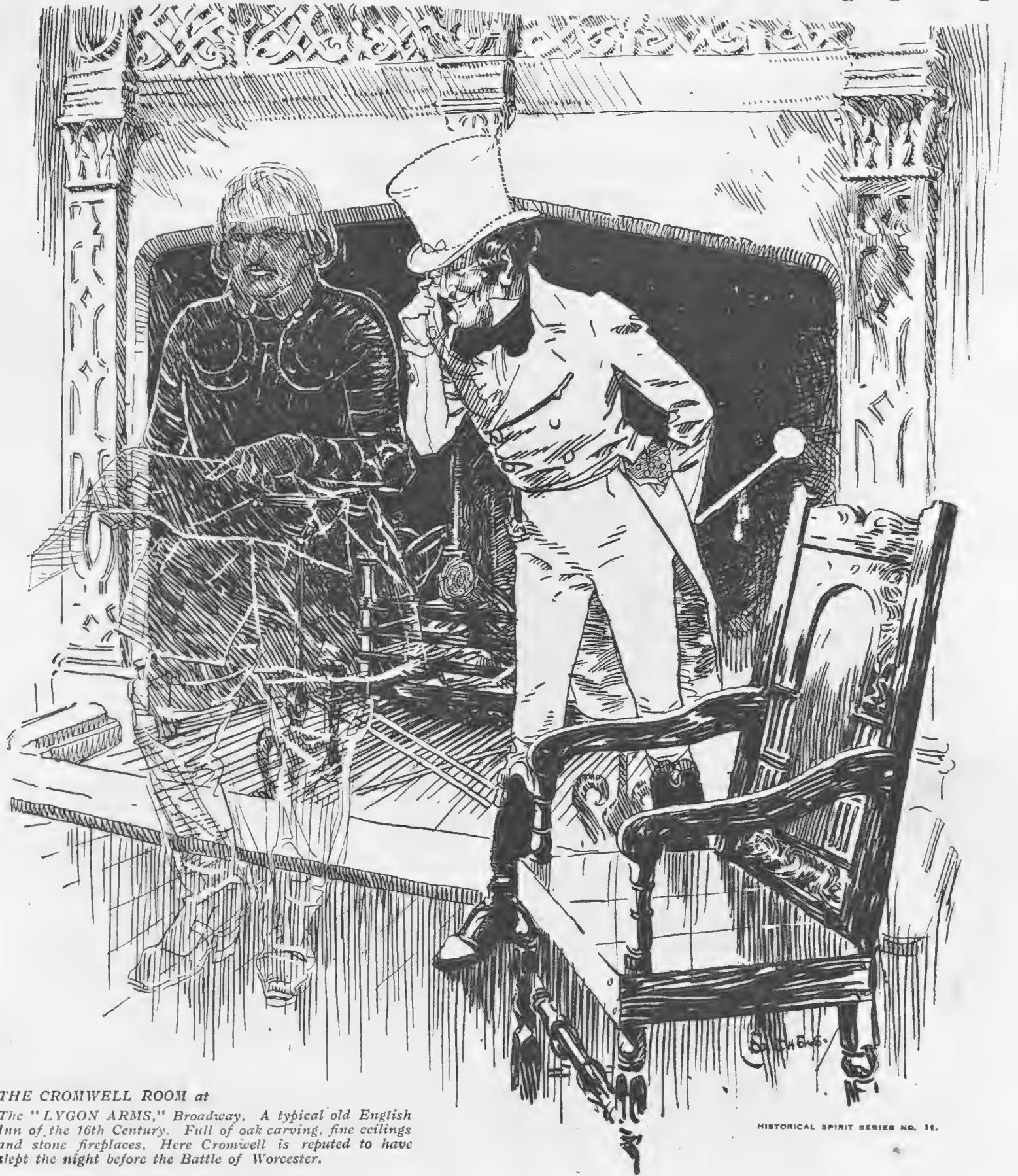
The piece, of course, is a duel. But duels—especially on the stage—have witnesses. And Mr. Gilbert Hare manages to make the maddeningly judicious Friend come to life. He abounds in the slow wisdom which one has come to associate with Mr. Holman Clark, and he does it very neatly. More, much more than neatly does Mr. Thesiger play the unpleasant

Baronet who seeks consolation in the bottle for the unduly decorative quality of his wife. Perhaps it was a poor compliment to the lively vulgarity of Miss Olwen Roose. But the rudeness was Sir Arthur Pinero's, and it gives Mr. Thesiger the excuse for a study of post-prandial unpleasantness full of admirably unpleasant detail. That detestably open-mouthed sleep on a sofa after one too many of "his moods" is a thing to remember, even though it takes the whole play dangerously near farce.

Go and See

So there it is. A real play. Really played. And not just allowed by the company to happen whilst the leading lady exhibits her smile, and the leading gentleman his Sturdy British Gallantry. It is a rare event, and we must all enjoy it whilst we have the chance.

Born 1820——Still going Strong!



THE CROMWELL ROOM at

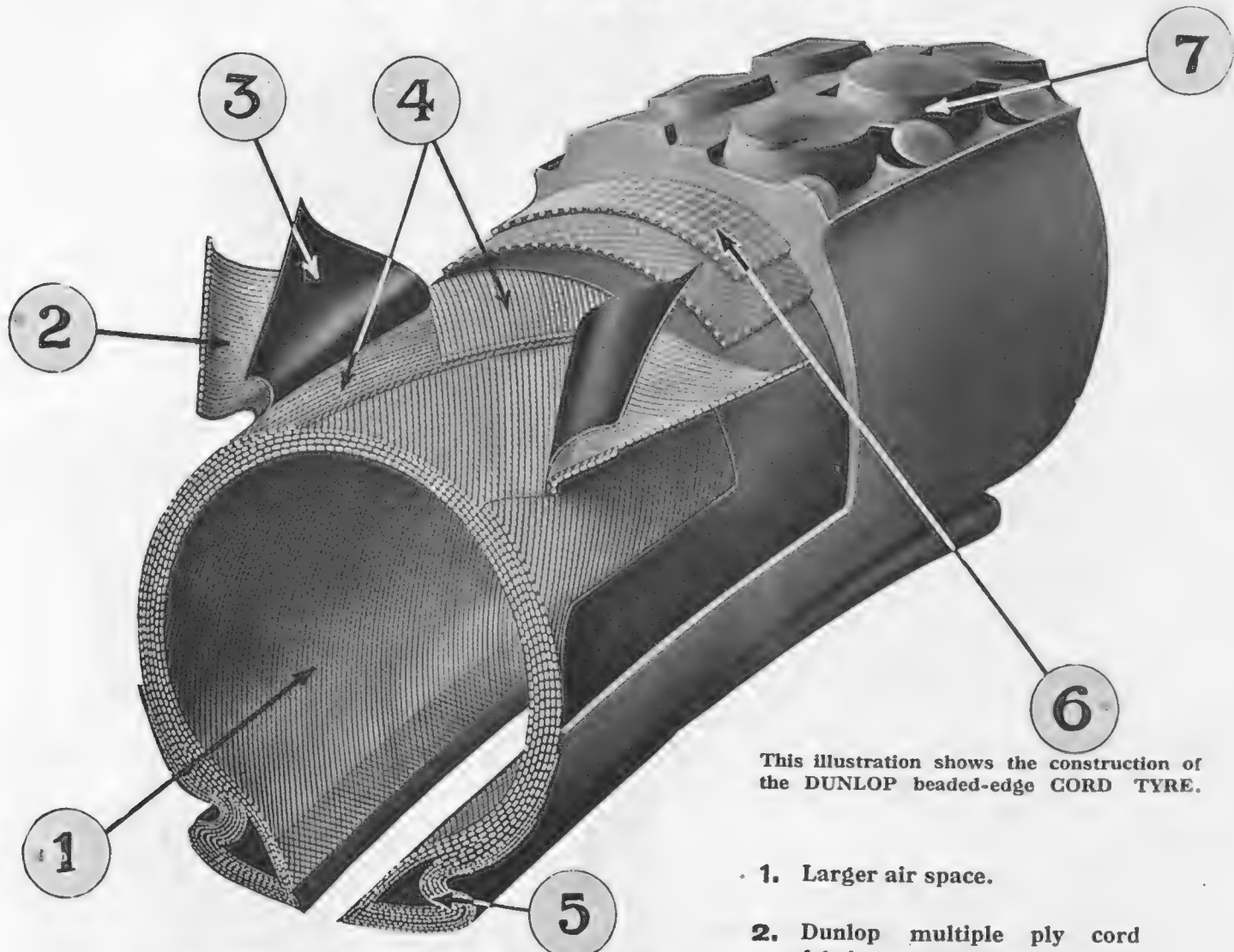
The "LYGON ARMS," Broadway. A typical old English Inn of the 16th Century. Full of oak carving, fine ceilings and stone fireplaces. Here Cromwell is reputed to have slept the night before the Battle of Worcester.

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 11.

Shade of Cromwell: "I am informed some of your friends JOHNNIE WALKER describe you as I did the Battle of Worcester — 'A crowning mercy'."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

WHY DUNLOP CORD TYRES ARE BETTER TYRES.



This illustration shows the construction of the DUNLOP beaded-edge CORD TYRE.

The main advantage of this cover over the canvas pattern lies in the construction of the casing.

ITS CONSTRUCTION AND ADVANTAGES:

The constructional method practically eliminates destructive internal heating. Friction between the materials is considerably reduced by the arrangement of the layers of straight cords diagonally across each other, with insulating plies of pure rubber interposed between them. All overlapping and thickened joins are in this way eliminated. The life of the tyre is hugely increased, and petrol consumption considerably reduced. In addition, increased resiliency is secured, which, combined with the extra size as compared with canvas tyres, means more comfort and reduced maintenance cost.

- 1. Larger air space.
- 2. Dunlop multiple ply cord fabric.
- 3. Pure rubber insulation between each layer of fabric.
- 4. Shows cord layers in opposite directions.
- 5. Improved bead design.
- 6. Breaker strips.
- 7. Heavy non-skid tread.

Write for "Care of Tyres" Booklet.

THE DUNLOP CORD TYRE IS THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE.

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

A Test of Endurance.

After a lapse of years, Mr. S. F. Edge, like the Roman of old, has left his farm and put his hand, not on the sword, but to the steering-wheel of a motor-car, in a long-distance trial. Perhaps he could not resist the desire to test his own endurance to discover whether he was still able, at the age of fifty-three, "to do deeds" as he was fifteen

hour, including a fifty minutes' rest on the second afternoon. This is the first time the "double twelve" has been made on a motor-cycle; and fancy a little lassie doing it! Personally, I took more interest in this feat of the little lady than in the car performance, for it was purely a case of mind over matter, and will conquering the weakness of the flesh. As Mrs. Janson started with a badly cut right

hand, which was swathed in bandages, the jar of the track gave her neuralgia of the neck muscles, and yet, when she could have stopped after covering 1000 miles, not a bit of it—on she would go to the last second. And finished well and hearty, ready to go another twelve hours the next day, if required. (A regular Pratt's Perfection spirit—which, by the way, was the petrol used.) But I am glad there was no need, as she did have one bad hour

on the second day, but got over it. I know that sleepy feeling that comes over one in these stunt runs, and it is a tough fight to keep awake, but she managed it all right. Congratulations, but don't do it again, is my advice, Brenda, as the strain is not worth it; give the boys a chance.

Picnics at Brooklands.

I do not think that the members of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club really realise what a lot of amusement there is to be had at this motordrome during the week on days when there is no racing. I spent two consecutive days there from early morn to nearly dewy eve watching all sorts of cars and motor-cycles running round the track, having an occasional tour myself, a bit of a picnic for lunch, and then over to the flying craft. Vickers had two or three of these being tested by "our heroes in [dark and light] blue," as both Naval and Air Force uniforms were to be seen. The variety of the performances was really quite interesting, especially to see some Goliath of the air spring up aloft in a few yards and, after circling the neighbourhood, drop to earth as silently as an owl seizing her prey. Naturally, the weather was very nice and warm, and the sun shone pleasantly most of the time, which added to the charm. Also, though



the blackberries and nuts were not ripe, we made mental notes of which were the best spots, for future reference. It was amusing to see the various drivers of racing cars attempting to hide their real form, yet testing out the car itself.

Fiat Victory at Strasbourg.

Nazzaro and the Fiat car were easily the winners of the motor Grand Prix; but the pace they set—nearly 80 miles an hour (79.2 m.p.h.) for the 499 miles race—killed the field, as only three cars out of eighteen finished in time, and a fourth was running, but several laps behind full distance. A mishap wrecked his nephew, Biago Nazzaro, who, unfortunately, succumbed; and Bordino, whom the Fiat Company expected to win, broke a wheel twelve miles from the finishing post when leading by a big margin. Viscaya, on an eight-cylinder Bugatti, came in second (he drove the smaller edition of this car in the Isle of Man); and another Bugatti, driven by Marco, ran into third place. The third Bugatti was running when the race was closed, so, though much slower than the Fiat, they made a good show. But this two-litre six-cylinder winning Fiat is a wonderful car—so light, yet just strong enough to stand the strain; and the engine, turning at over 4000 revolutions per minute, develops about 90-h.p. in place of its nominal 12-h.p. rating. Not a single tyre burst in the race from any car, so all the tyre-makers deserve hearty congratulations on their excellent wares. It is a record for the Grand Prix, and deserves a special prize. Felice Nazzaro, like our S. F. Edge, took the racing wheel after sixteen years' rest; but as he is now only forty-two



A 1906-H.P. CROSSLEY ON THE ROAD: PASSING THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF SHALFLEET, ISLE OF WIGHT.

years ago, when he made his twenty-four hours' record on the Brooklands track on the 60-h.p. Napier. Well, now he knows he can, as on July 19 and 20 he drove the six-cylinder 34-h.p. Spyker to create a new "double twelve hours" record of 1782½ miles at a speed of 74.27 miles per hour. To do this he circled the Brooklands track 310 times on the first day at an average speed of 71½ miles an hour nearly; and 335 times in the second twelve hours at a fraction over 77 miles an hour, including all replenishment stops. But both he and the Spyker car seemed to like the run, as Edge munched fruit and chicken, while the Spyker drank oil and Shell spirit as they careered round and round from eight in the morning until eight at night. Even the Dunlop tyres did not protest at the monotony, and gave no trouble throughout; but I expected Colonel Lindsay Lloyd, who was in the timing box all these long hours, to get dizzy working out the speeds and distances lap by lap and hour by hour as the car flitted over the electrical contact tape, tapping out its own code. Still, cars go so well now that, though this Spyker was hustling round the track at over 80 miles an hour at times, nothing went amiss, even though this was practically the ordinary touring chassis with a racing exhaust and torpedo racing body.

Mrs. Janson's New Records.

All the while "S. F." was making a new "double twelve hours" record, Mrs. Janson was simultaneously creating an entirely new one of a similar character on a tiny 2½-h.p. Trump J.A.P. motor-cycle. It is bad enough to make half-a-dozen circuits of Brooklands at speed in a car, as one is bumped about enough to be well bruised; but imagine doing this on a 2½-h.p. motor-cycle for twelve hours at a stretch! How she stuck it deserves the highest praise, and how the bike held on, too, hustling round at 50 miles and more an hour, was wonderful. Nearly 208 laps did Mrs. Janson cover the first day—556 miles at 46.33 miles per hour, making new records for eleven and twelve hours' rides in the 250 c.c. class; and then 190 laps for the second day, making a grand total of 1072 miles less 580 yards at an average speed of 44.65 miles an



A FAMOUS AMERICAN MOTOR-CAR PRODUCER EXPLORING RICHMOND PARK: MR. JOHN N. WILLYS WITH MRS. WILLYS AND MISS VIRGINIA WILLYS IN THEIR 1906 CROSSLEY.

Mr. John N. Willys has recently been visiting England with his wife and daughter. He is the President of the Willys Overland Company of Toledo, Ohio, and is largely interested in Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd. He is a leading figure in American automobile politics, so it is interesting to hear that he is optimistic on the subject of the automobile trade. In June last, American factories turned out 271,000 passenger cars (exclusive of commercial motor vehicles), the number for May having been only 253,000, and, according to Mr. Willys, this is only the beginning of the boom.

years old, perhaps we may yet see him again at Brooklands. Fiat versus Sunbeam would be a popular draw.

Deauville Diversions (Being the Musings of Miranda.)

The Mythical Air of Arcadia.

It is a pleasant journey from Paris to Deauville, through the smiling orchards of Normandy, where they are cutting the corn in the poppy-starred meadows. And when you arrive, Deauville itself looks so innocent with its little red-roofed houses, timbered in the Norman style, with quaint china cats chasing porcelain birds, to give just that air of domesticity which you imagine harmonises with the atmosphere of the place.

When you start bargaining with your cabman, however, you begin to wonder whether this air of Arcadian innocence is not all a myth, for anything more sophisticated than his manner of trying to extract ten francs for a mere hundred yards could hardly be conceived. And then, if you please, starts the orgy of expensiveness. Nothing less than a thousand-franc note seems to count in the Casino. This must be the paradise of the newly rich. Here they can pour out their money from morning till night in one long, never-ending stream, and get the impression that they really are being impressive.

The Daily Round.

Once installed, one is immediately caught up in the whirl of fashion. Deauville is no haunt for the simple-lifer. First of all, there is the bathing-dress, that may be elaborate and sensational, or the mere simple *maillot*, according to whether you are a swimmer or a sand-basker. Then a smart toilette for an hour's gossip and cocktails at the Potinière, favourite haunt of the American flying from Prohibition, where one sits on little green chairs (that spread all over the road in front of the Casino) and watches the world and his wife—or someone else's—pass by. After that, another change for lunch in the orchard at the Normandy Hotel. It is a strange characteristic of Deauville that everybody insists upon doing the same thing at the same time, which makes for a certain amount of overcrowding. The morning simply must be spent at the Potinière. Lunch must be taken under the trees at the Normandy. There may not be enough little striped umbrellas to go round, and it may be much more cool and comfortable under the verandah; the thing to do is to lunch under the trees, so under the trees you sit, and collect freckles and all manner of buzzing things, but you are in the movement.

After lunch there are races and polo nearly every day, so that means another change, though you may be permitted to keep the same frock on for an hour's flutter in the Casino before changing for dinner and the evening's dancing and gambling, which is, of course, the climax of the day, sartorially and socially.

The Real Gamblers.

It is an amazing sight to watch the real gamblers at the big table. These are no light-hearted punters who gaily risk a few louis. The maximum stake of 20,000 francs is put up nearly every time. And it is nearly always the same crowd: the new Baroness d'Erlanger, who was Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt before she ran up to Paris and married young Baron Robin d'Erlanger the other day, and came back again to give Deauville photographers a new zest in existence; Jean Patou, with the artistically tilted eyebrows, designer of wonderful gowns; a pearl merchant from the Rue de la Paix sitting behind stacks of packets of ten thousand francs; a steel king from the other side of the Atlantic; a South American diplomat; and so on. And the crowd stands round in serried ranks to watch the play with bated breath.

And it is practically an all-night sitting, for it is quite a common thing for this little band to remain together till six or seven in the morning, and meet the early bather when they wend their way home with the sun high in the heavens, and a terribly blinky, morning-after-the-night-before feeling about being caught in evening dress.

But, besides the devotees of the green tables, there is a dancing set at Deauville that never gives a thought to cards. Maurice and Leonora Hughes had been providing delight for these, when Maurice was unfortunately laid low with a bad lung attack which has put a stop to his dancing for some time to come. Luckily, he is up and about again, though with a pallor that is declared by his numberless fem-

inine admirers to be immensely becoming. The clou of the August entertainments will be the dancing of the famous Dolly Sisters, who have been engaged for the Casino by kind permission of Mr. C. B. Cochran. This is the first time the sisters have appeared together on the Continent, though Jenny Dolly has been winning fame for herself all the summer at Les Acacias, in Paris. A wonderful wardrobe has been specially designed for them.

Royalty and Others.

Deauville's cosmopolitan crowd includes every rank and nationality from royalty to mannequins. Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece are living at the Hotel Royal, where they are entertaining Mrs. Henderson Green, the Princess's sister. Strictly speaking, democracy does not approve of bobbing to a home-born citizeness; but, for all that, the Middle West is practising its Court curtsies.

It is even rumoured that the King of Spain will pay a short visit to Deauville as the guest of the Marquis and Marquise de Viana, who



have taken a villa for the season. Of course, if his Majesty does come it will give a great zest to the polo, in which he takes such a great interest, for he would most probably take part in the game.

Lord Wimborne, another great polo-player, has been down for a few days; but he will not be playing in August, though probably some other members of the Guest family will be here. Lord Wimborne was unlucky enough to meet with a very serious accident while playing polo at Deauville some two years ago; so the place has not the happiest of memories for him.

Señor Martinez de Hoz, the well-known Argentine player, has taken a villa with extensive stables, for he and his brother intend to take an active part as soon as polo begins. The pretty little club-house is one of the smartest gathering places in Deauville at tea-time. One strolls over to it after the races, and sits to watch the game over a cup of tea. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Harjès are regular attendants. He is a partner in the great banking firm of Grenfell, Morgan, and Harjès. Several members of the Rothschild family always put in an appearance; also the Duc and Duchesse De Cazes, who are among the best-known racing people in France, and who usually entertain Lord Derby at their villa here during the big race week.

Lady Stuart of Wortley has taken one of the larger villas at Deauville, and will be doing a good deal of entertaining. Mr. A. K. Macomber, who bought the Vanderbilt racing stables, has a château in the neighbourhood, and his colours are always followed with interest in the local events. Another well-known American down here for the season is General Charles E. Sherrill, former American Minister to the Argentine, and Adjutant-General to New York City during the war.



IN YELLOW FROCKS AND CARRYING BOUQUETS OF DELPHINIUMS: THE BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGE AT THE DENYS-RADCLIFFE WEDDING.

Miss Sophie Denys, sister of the bride, and Miss Betsy Slade, her cousin, acted as bridesmaids at the marriage of Miss Marjorie Denys to Mr. Joseph Radcliffe; and the bride's train was carried by Master Michael Radcliffe, nephew of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids wore yellow taffetas dresses with gold net caps, and carried bouquets of delphiniums; and the train-bearer had a blue satin suit.

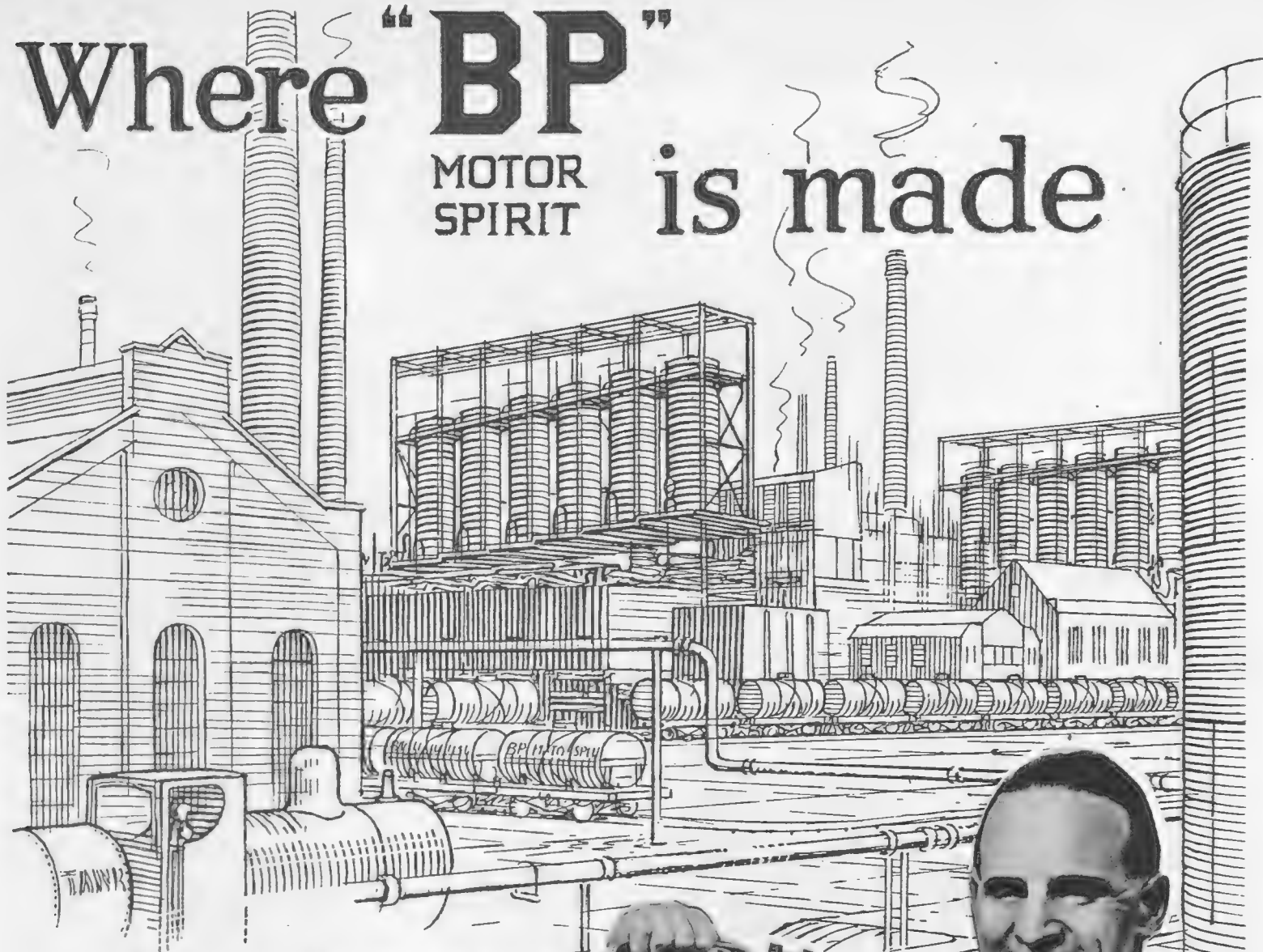
Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



LEAVING ST. JAMES', SPANISH PLACE: MR. JOSEPH RADCLIFFE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MARJORIE DENYS.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph Radcliffe, second son of Sir Joseph and Lady Radcliffe, of Ridding Park, near Harrogate, to Miss Marjorie Denys, daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Denys-Burton, of Draycott Hall, Richmond, Yorks, took place at St. James', Spanish Place. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful gown of gold-and-white brocade, and a tulle veil.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Where **BP** MOTOR SPIRIT is made



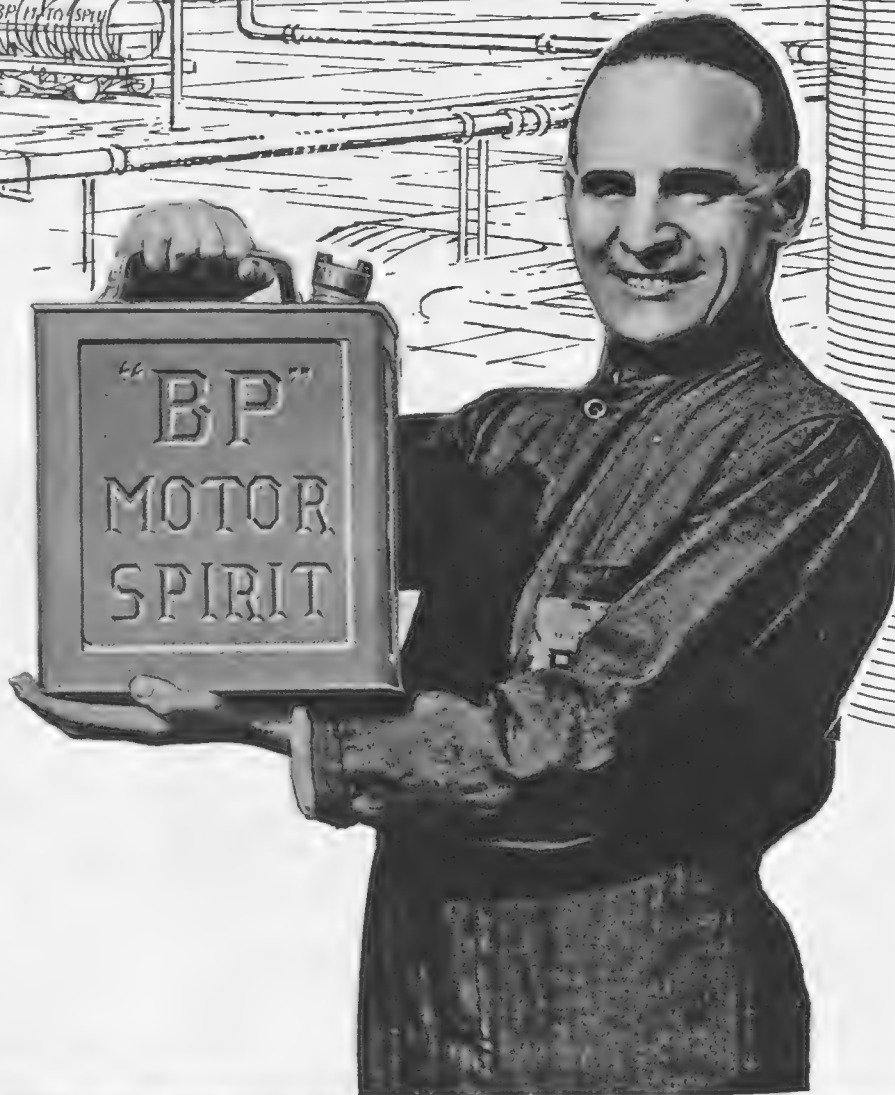
Llandarcy

THE great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Ltd., marks the highest development of modern refining practice.

Here "B.P." Motor Spirit is made from Persian Oil—one of the richest Crude Oils in the World—by scientific methods which ensure to the motorist the finest and most uniform spirit.

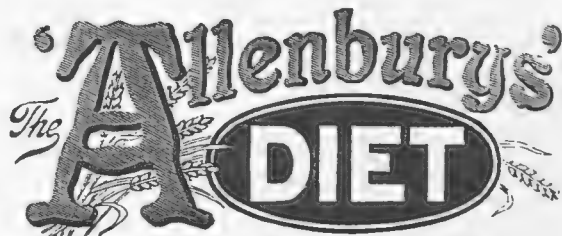
"B.P." is all British. It is made by a British Company employing British workmen and financed by British capital.

British Petroleum Co., Ltd.
22, FENCHURCH ST, LONDON E.C. 3
Distributing Organization of the
**ANGLO-PERSIAN
OIL CO.
LTD.**



The "Best Possible" is The Best Persian

In Convalescence



Where food must be at once light and nourishing there is no preparation the choice of which competent medical and nursing opinion will more strongly endorse.

Entirely distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants the Diet is made from enriched full cream milk and creamy wheat, both of which are peptonised during manufacture. Highly nutritious and extremely easy of digestion, it is the ideal basis of feeding in convalescence after serious illness and may be continued without cloying the palate until full vitality and normal appetite return.

Your Chemist stocks it.

Highly
Recommended
by the Medical
and Nursing
Professions

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.
37 Lombard Street, E.C.3





Ask for "4711"
(Blue and Gold Labels)

It is the Original and
Guaranteed Pure
Full Strength—with the
Lasting Fragrance.

For Comfort and Freshness

Take a bottle of "4711" with you. A little on the handkerchief cleanses the skin and relieves the feeling and appearance of strain caused by the rush through the air and the glare of the sun.

A FEW DROPS of "4711" in the washing basin cleanse the pores of the skin, and improve the complexion, and a little in your bath is soothing and invigorating and banishes fatigue.

4711 Eau de Cologne

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CHARMING PRINCESS PETTICOATS At Special Prices

This delightful Princess Petticoat is an exact copy of a French model, and is made by our own workers from pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine. It is cut on most becoming lines, and is suitable for day or evening wear.

PRINCESS PETTICOAT (as sketch) in pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, new long-waisted bodice and dainty pointed skirt, edged fine lace, bodice trimmed hemstitching and finished with satin ribbon shoulder straps. In pink, sky, yellow, ivory, ochre, black and mauve

PRICE

59/6

In good quality triple ninon. In pink, ivory, yellow, mauve, black and sky ... **59/6**

DAINTY LACE DUTCH BOUDOIR CAP ... **21/9**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.1



NOT A DEPILATORY NOT ELECTROLYSIS

HELEN LAWRENCE

guarantees to kill the roots of

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
by her original method.

She does not pretend to work a miracle. Superfluous hair roots cannot be killed quickly; it must be done gradually, because any drastic treatment injures the skin and tissue, but anyone who will for a time give a few minutes every day to this treatment can be cured.

In the first treatment all existing hairs can be removed, and their roots considerably weakened. A permanent cure is begun—and it only needs a few minutes' treatment daily to ensure permanency.

Come and see me personally—if you cannot, write for

Home Treatment
Post free - 12/6

Sample Post free - 2/-
(to demonstrate efficiency)

Personal treatment at
Kensington - 10/6

Postage and packing for abroad,
1/6 extra.

HELEN LAWRENCE,
167, Kensington High Street,
LONDON, W. 8.

(First Floor). Telephone: Western 7141



Satin Bag, Brocade
Panel, imitation Ivory
Frame, silk linings in
assorted colours.

£3 13s. 6d.



Carved Seccoid
Frame. Printed
Chiffon Velvet.
Lined Blue Silk.

£5 5s. 0d.

DUNHILL'S

LYTUP
HANDBAGS

When you are in a Box

and the play is very funny or very heart-rending, you may need a handkerchief or a powder-puff or what not in the course of the act.

Even in the darkened house, or in a taxi, you will find what you want instantly if you have a Lytup hand-bag.

This switches on a little electric light as it is opened, and is fitted with a dainty delightful designs and colours to go with your frock.

Sole Manufacturer:
ALFRED DUNHILL, 50 Jermyn Street, S.W.1

YOUR OPINION MAY BE WORTH FIVE POUNDS.

The secret of
Beautiful Hair.

Every lady has an intimate personal knowledge and can, therefore, give a sound opinion upon questions relating to the hair. We are offering prizes for the best opinions upon the benefits derived from the use of Camilatone as a beautifier of the hair. As everyone knows, Camilatone is not a hair dye but a very valuable herbal preparation that will, in Nature's own way, restore colourless or dull hair to all its former beauty—full of lustrous tints. It is also a wonderful hair tonic.

Write to-day for a full 1s. size Camilatone Hair Shampoo, which will be sent you on receipt of 6d. to prove that what we say of it is true and to enable you to enter our great prize scheme. At the same time we will send you particulars of the prize scheme. Write to-day to—

THE CAMOMILE TONIC Co.,
16, Lichfield Road,
Cricklewood, N.W.2.



BANK HOLIDAY ABROAD.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS VICTORIA (S.E. & C.R.)

TO		
PARIS (Via Calais or Boulogne.)	49/9	Passports Essential
BRUSSELS (Via Ostend)	36/8	
BRUSSELS (Via Calais.)	44/8	Passports not required.
BOULOGNE	33/6	
CALAIS	33/6	
OSTEND	30/4	
FLUSHING (including Hotel)	70/0	

For full information apply to
Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria
(S.E. & C.R.) Station, London, S.W.1.

BANK HOLIDAY IN THE GARDEN of ENGLAND

Week-end Tickets (Friday and Saturday to Monday)

Between London and
any Seaside or Country
Station on the Com-
pany's System
(Minimum Fares)
1st. 2nd. 3rd.
10/0 7/6 5/0
On Friday 4th inst.
by any Train at or after
5.0 p.m. to the princi-
pal Seaside Towns.

From LONDON
and certain Suburban
Stations, Third Class.

TO	
Bexhill -	11/6
Broadstairs -	14/6
Deal -	16/0
Dover -	15/3
Folkestone -	14/0
Hastings -	11/9
Herne Bay -	12/6
Hythe -	13/3
Margate -	14/6
Ramsgate -	14/6
Rye -	14/0
St. Leonards -	11/9
Sandgate -	13/6
Sandwich -	16/0
Walmer -	16/0
Westgate -	14/3
Whitstable Town	11/6

8 or 15-day Tickets
issued every Friday, and
by specified trains.

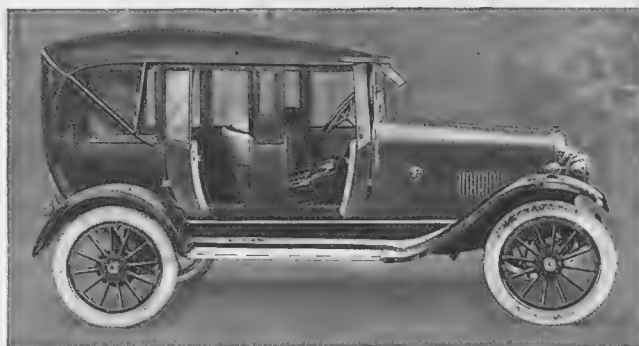
On Sunday, August
6th, & Bank Holiday
from London and cer-
tain Suburban Stations
to the Seaside.

Throughout the Holi-
days from London and
Suburban Stations to
the Kent and Surrey
Hills.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION TICKETS.

For further particulars see Handbills, to be
obtained at any of the Company's Stations or
Agencies.

P. C. TEMPEST, General Manager.



Overland British-built Model All-weather Touring Car.

395 Gns. (Deferred Payments can be arranged.)

The Overland British-built Model All-weather Touring Car, with hood and side curtains up, makes an ideal all-weather car. The side curtains fit snugly all round, giving protection equal to that afforded by a Limousine. The whole car completely equipped and fitted with the famous Fisk Tyres is priced at 395 guineas. Early delivery may be had, and definite dates obtained from an Overland Agent, no matter where you live. The Overland Service Department is always at your disposal. Large stocks of spares for all models are instantly available.

ONCE AN

Overland

ALWAYS AN OVERLAND

THE CAR THAT KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN.

We should like you to have a trial run; performance will prove our statements.

1922 OVERLAND MODELS

	Gns.
British Model Touring Car	395
British Model 2-seater with double dickey	380
Three-quarter Landulette	£545
Standard Model Touring Car	£295
Sedan	£475

All prices ex works.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LIMITED.

British Factory & Sales Dept., Heaton Chapel, Manchester
Showrooms: 151-3, Great Portland Street, London, W.1
London Service Depot: 111, Lots Rd., King's Rd., Chelsea, London, S.W.

Go Great Western for Ideal Holidays

Magnificent Express Services and Cheap
Facilities to

THE CORNISH RIVIERA,
GLORIOUS DEVON,

Dorset and Somerset Coasts, Channel Islands,
Midland Counties,

NORTH, SOUTH, & WEST WALES
the CAMBRIAN COAST, etc.

SPECIAL BANK HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS

Full particulars of Train Services, Excursion, Tourist and
Week-end Arrangements, etc., obtainable at the Company's
Stations or Offices, or from Enquiry Office, Paddington
Station, London, W.2. 'Phone: Paddington 7000.

SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES

Now in Operation.

EXPRESS NON-STOP RUNS:—

PADDINGTON to BATH	in 1 hr. 45 min.
" " BRISTOL	2 hrs.
" " EXETER	3 hrs.
" " PLYMOUTH	4 hrs. 7 min.
" " TORQUAY	3 hrs. 35 min.
" " LEAMINGTON SPA	1 hr. 31 min.
" " OXFORD	1 hr. 10 min.

Felix J. C. Pole, General Manager.

LIGHT-WEIGHT WATER- PROOFS

For the Holidays.

NEW MODELS.
LOWER PRICES.

ELVERY'S are
now showing
a fine selection of
guaranteed Water-
proofs at quite
moderate prices.

The 'SOUTHPORT'
(Illustrated)
In Silks and
Satins, from 4½ Gns.

FEATHERWEIGHT
SILK

The most delightful real
Waterproof ever pro-
duced, complete in Silk
envelope.

Now
Reduced to 4 Gns.
A charming range of
colours.

The 'CAVENDISH'
RAIN-WRAP

In Wool Gabs and light
Coverts.

From 59/6
The A1 STORMPROOF
In Fawn, Grey, 39/6
Navy, etc. ...
Belted design, 2/6 extra

ON APPROVAL—
Send height and chest
measurement, together with
remittance or London busi-
ness reference. All moneys re-
funded in full immediately on
receipt of any parcel returned



Estd. 1850.
Elvery's
Limited
Elephant House,
31, CONDUIT ST.
LONDON, W.1.
(One door from
New Bond St.)

And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.
ELVERY'S Waterproofs have stood the test of years.

MORNY

la CRÈME
"MYSTÉRIEUSE"
de MORNY

A harmless, non-greasy
Complexion Cream

Promotes healthy activity—
effectively whitening, softening,
and smoothing the skin

A protection against the ill-effects
of exposure to sun, wind, and dust

An admirable foundation for the
Morny Com-
plexion Powders

Gilt screw-
capped glass
jars—
5/6 & 10/6

of your usual retailer,
or direct (postage extra) from:

201 REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1

The Wine for Connoisseurs

TUCKEY'S TAWNY PORT

Soft, Velvety old Wine with
Delicate Flavour.

The Lancet says:
"The analytical figures support
the opinion that this is a well-
made and sound Wine."

Per Doz. 60/- Bottles.

Sample bottle Post Free 5/6.
Cases Free and Carriage Paid.

CHAS. TUCKEY & CO., LTD.
(N.L.) 3 Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3



BURBERRY THREE-GARMENT SHOOTING KIT



ensures better protection against wet or cold, more freedom, and greater comfort when shooting than can be obtained from any other outfit. It consists of a

BURBERRY SUIT—coat with Pivot Sleeves, as illustrated, or choice of 20 other practical models, and knickerbockers or knicker-breeches—in Burberry Gabardine, Gamefeather or Silvering Tweeds; and

THE BURBERRY Weatherproof for wet days—the ONE safeguard in which it is possible to shoot as quickly and accurately as when not wearing an Overcoat.

Illustrated
Catalogue
Patterns
and Prices
Post Free

Shooting Kit in
from 2 to 4 Days
or Ready-to-Wear



BURBERRY SUIT
Model A. 1218.

"I wore the suit for shooting and am completely satisfied with it. The Pivot Sleeves enable one to wear the jacket buttoned up without feeling hampered."

—H. W. H., Stroud.

THE BURBERRY.

"I was shooting in a perfect downpour, and my Burberry proved perfectly rainproof. All the other guns were soaked, whilst not even the cartridges in my pocket were damp."

—L. D. L., Perth.

BURBERRYS

HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON
Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; and Agents
Burberrys Ltd.

RICH QUALITY Crêpe-de-Chine JUMPERS for Holiday or Early Autumn Wear

This attractive Jumper has been specially designed for the coming Season, and is made entirely by hand by our own workers from rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine. It is cut on becoming lines, and is particularly suitable for Afternoon wear.

SMART JUMPER (as sketch) in rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, entirely hand-made and beaded, oval-shaped neck, with slight fulness in front, long panels either side, effectively embroidered with beads to tone. In black, navy, grey, sand, nigger and a variety of new Autumn colourings. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE

98/6

In rich quality georgette in black and colours **89/6**

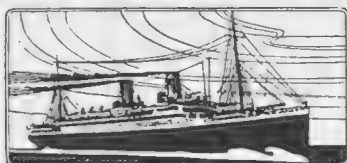
Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W. 1



ROYAL HOLLAND LLOYD



SOUTHAMPTON - CHERBOURG

BRAZIL - RIVER PLATE
VIA
SPAIN - PORTUGAL - LAS PALMAS

FOR ALL INFORMATION APPLY TO

WAINWRIGHT BROS & CO.
21 FENCHURCH STREET E 3, LONDON.

D. H. DRAKEFORD
60 HAYMARKET S W 1, LONDON.

ANZORA

QUEEN OF
VANISHING CREAM

will keep your skin soft and white and free from roughness and blemishes. Delicately and exquisitely perfumed. Give it a trial to-day.

Can be obtained from all leading Chemists, Stores etc., in neat, handy-sized jars at 1/3 each.

Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., Willesden Lane, N.W.

Imparts the bloom of Youth.



—L. & N. W. R.—

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

ON FRIDAY  AUGUST 4th.

EUSTON TO

LAKE DISTRICT. NORTH WALES.
ISLE OF MAN, &c. SOUTH and
IRELAND. CENTRAL WALES.
SCOTLAND. EAST LANCASHIRE.

LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER and
BIRMINGHAM DISTRICTS.

Also Day Excursions on Monday, August 7th.

FULL PARTICULARS FROM MR. L. W. HORNE,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT, SOUTHERN DIVISION, EUSTON STATION,
LONDON, N.W.1.

Euston Station,
London, N.W.1.

ARTHUR WATSON,
General Manager.

HEALTH & HAPPINESS ENSURED



BY TAKING
BEECHAM'S PILLS



Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt.

Photo by Arbuthnot.

For Motoring.
Model 723

Made in various fittings, in
White, String, Sepia, Cham-
pagne, Oyster, Putty, Pearl,
Havana, Cornflower, etc.

Soft Felt Motor
Hat, silk lined
throughout - - **35/-**

Write for Illus. Catalogue.

*Lincoln
Bennett*

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

5/- TO SAVE THE 5/-
SHIPWRECKED

One Million Men and Women
WANTED

who will give

FIVE SHILLINGS A YEAR

That will maintain the whole Life-
boat Service round our 5,000 miles
of coast. Last year the Institution
received **586,968 Five Shil-
lings**, and the deficit on the
year's working was **£110,000**.
During the six months of this year
it has received **249,096 Five
Shillings**.

It still urgently needs **750,904
Five Shillings**.

Will you be **"ONE IN A MILLION"**?
If so, please **Send Your Five Shillings To-day**.

**And remember the Life-Boats in your will.
They receive not one penny from the State.**

LORD HARROWBY,
Honorary Treasurer.

GEORGE F. SHEE, M.A.,
Secretary

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

*Quelle belle
coiffure!*



"ULTIMA."

Conrad Lepp.

"Ultima" is the last word in hairwork.
It is so astonishingly natural, and when
carefully matched with the growing hair,
detection is impossible.

Write for beautifully illustrated brochure
or appro. selection.

EMILE

24 & 25 Conduit St.
LONDON, W.



CARTERS
(J. & A. CARTER) LTD.

Telegrams: Bathchair, Wesdo, London.

Telephone: Langham 1040

"The Alleviation of Human Pain."



Wheeling Chairs *By Appointment*

for use up and down stairs,
or from room to room.

Light, easily manipulated—no jar or vibration—
this type of chair saves a great deal of the
exertion necessary in the use of the ordinary
form of carrying chair.

These chairs are illustrated, with prices, in
Sectional Catalogue No. 4.

If further interested, please ask for *Modern Comfort
Furniture*, the standard work of reference for all
Invalids and Comfort Lovers (600 illustrations).

**EVERYTHING FOR THE
DISABLED OR INVALID**

**2, 4, & 6, NEW CAVENDISH STREET,
LONDON, W.1.**

FOSTER CLARK'S

IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD

and this delightful quality is what makes it
such an improvement on the ordinary custard.
Delicious, tempting, economical, easily pre-
pared, it makes an ideal dish with the fruits
of the season. Try a package to-day.

Reduced Prices: Family Tins 11½d., Family Packets 9½d., Small Packets 4d., 1½d & 1d.



CREAM CUSTARD

AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645) "THE WAY OF AN EAGLE."
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH" Nightly, 8.30. Mats. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Darby Foster.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201.) "THE LADY OF THE ROSE."
Nightly, at 8.15. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., and Aug. 7, at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722.) Mgr, MARIE LÖHR. Evgs., 8.30.
Archie Naish and a Piano, followed, at 9, by Irene Vanbrugh in
"BELINDA." Mats. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3687.) "WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS."
Evenings, 8.15. Mats. Wed. and Sat., and Aug. 7, 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S. (Ger. 3903) Every Evg. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30
"THE BAT." By Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood.
ARTHUR WONTNER. EVA MOORE.

VALUABLE LIVESTOCK INSURANCES. LLOYD'S
POLICIES. BEST POSSIBLE TERMS. The Livestock & General Insurance
Association, 171, Strand, W.C. Every description of Insurance. Representatives required.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
CORPORATION OF LONDON.
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, E.C.4.

PRINCIPAL - SIR LANDON RONALD.

PRIVATE LESSONS in all musical subjects, and STAGE TRAINING in Elocution, Gesture,
Stage Dancing, Opera and Film work. Complete Musical Education at inclusive fees, £9 9s.
and £12 12s. Opera Class Saturdays. Special Training Course for Teachers (approved by
Teachers' Registration Council). Autumn Term commences Monday, Sept. 18; entries should
be sent in as early as possible. Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centres and Local Schools
Examinations (open to general public) free. Tel. Cent. 4459. H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume One Hundred and Eighteen (April 5
to June 28, 1922) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2 18s. 9d.
Six Months, £1 8s. 2d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 10s. 7d.
Three Months, 14s. 1d. (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 6d.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 0s. 11d.
Six Months, £1 9s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), £1 11s. 8d.
Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 17s.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 5s. 3d.
Six Months, £1 11s. 5d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 13s. 10d.
Three Months, 15s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 18s. 2d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The National
Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at
the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, LIMITED.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents,
&c., should apply to the above Agency in
all matters dealing with arrangements for
reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The
Illustrated London News,"
"The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, LONDON, E.C. 4

*You have all laughed at the
Studdy Dogs appearing weekly
in THE SKETCH.*

**YOU HAVE NOW AN OPPORTUNITY
OF BUYING A COLLECTION
OF THESE DOG STUDIES
READY FOR FRAMING.**



THE STUDDY PAINTING ON THE COVER OF THE PORTFOLIO.

Remember to buy the Portfolio of

"Studdy Dogs"

Containing 15 Plates.

*Printed in Colours on thick paper; and tied in a portfolio with
ribbon, so that any plate can be easily detached for framing.*

A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO PROCURE A
COLLECTION OF THE DOG STUDIES WHICH
HAVE APPEARED IN THE "SKETCH" AND
HAVE MADE THE WHOLE WORLD LAUGH.

Now on Sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers.

Price 2/-

SLIMNESS REGAINED

by Rapid French Home Treatment.

ARE you too fat? Then add a little *Sels Amaigrissants* Clarks (Clark's Thinning Bath Salts) to your ordinary hot bath. You will be amazed to see how rapidly the unwanted fat will melt away. For extra rapid local reduction, use also Clark's Reducing Paste.

All who send at once 20/- only for the Complete Treatment will receive 12 Packets of Clark's Thinning Bath Salts (value 14/6), a Large Pot of Clark's Reducing Paste (value 5/9), and a Box of Laxative Thinning Pastilles (value 2/9) will be GIVEN FREE.

Clark's Thinning Bath Salts are delightfully perfumed. They soften the water, check excessive perspiration, and banish all body odours.

CLARK'S THINNING Bath Salts

Send 20/- only to Heppell's, 164, Piccadilly, W.1. for all three preparations, post free. Trial Packets of Clark's Thinning Bath Salts, 1/3, and further supplies of Clark's Reducing Paste and Laxative Thinning Pastilles are obtainable from all Chemists, Stores, etc.; Single Packets of Bath Salts, post free, 1/7, direct from the Sole British Agents:—

**HEPPELL'S, Chemists,
164, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.**



To make thick
ANKLES
Beautiful—

massage them
daily with
Clark's Re-
ducing Paste.

**CLARK'S
Reducing
Paste**



"THE LONSDALE."

Robert Heath's Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest soft felt Pull-On Sports Hat. Absolutely Waterproof. Larger in appearance and of slightly heavier felt than the Well-known "Lowther" Hat. The brim will withstand the Wind and yet roll up for the Pocket. In our superfine quality only. Cinnamon, Koko, Cuba, Beaver, Ash, Drab, Armour, Mole, Fallow, Champagne, and White. With Sports Feather Mount. Price **42/-**

An exclusive speciality, unobtainable elsewhere. The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terrais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION. A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.



INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE TEAFROCKS

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of inexpensive Teafrocks suitable for holiday wear, of which sketch is a typical example.

"IVY."

Practical TEAFROCK in rich soft satin with large hanging sleeves in Georgette to tone, waist mounted on elastic and finished with sash and flowers. In a large assortment of colours and black.

Popular Price **98/6**

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

Dainty Silk Milanese UNDERWEAR of Exclusive Design

Hosiery Dept.—Ground Floor.

Ideal washing and wearing garment. Good quality pure silk Milanese Vest, in pink, lemon, mauve, or sky. Special Price **15/9**

Knickers to match, wide leg and elastic at waist. Special Price **18/9**



Pure silk hose, specially strengthened lisle feet and garter tops (Kayser make). In Black, White, Putty, Pearl, Beige, Brown, Nigger, Nude, Silver or Fawn.

8/11 Per pair.



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



THE ARDEN VENETIAN PREPARATIONS

These wonderful preparations are the essential feature of Elizabeth Arden's Treatment. Here are just a few. Each one, you will note, fills a definite need:—

Venetian Cleansing Cream is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin and should be used whenever cleansing, instead of soap and water. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Ardena Skin Tonic A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Orange Skin Food Every skin requires a good pure skin food. Orange Skin Food keeps the skin full and youthful, nourishes sunken and relaxed tissues, prevents dryness, fills out hollows and attenuation. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6.

Venetian Velva Cream nourishes the skin without fattening. Specially prepared for maintaining its soft, smooth texture. Do not wait until the summer sun has wrought its havoc but protect your skin now by giving it daily care. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Venetian Pore Cream A greaseless astringent cream which closes enlarged pores, tones up the skin tissue, and reduces even the coarsest skin: removes blackheads and pimples. 4/6.

Amoretta Cream A fragrant vanishing cream which protects the skin from wind and weather and forms a lasting base for powder. Invaluable when motoring or golfing. 4/6, 8/6.

Keep that Curve of Face and Neck

IMAGINE a square moon! A moon with four corners! How very unlovely! Is it not the circle that gives it beauty? Even more alluring is the crescent of the half-moon—those silvery curves are irresistible. Therein lies the secret of beauty of line. A square face may have strength, but it is scarcely beautiful. Could a face that resembles a triangle kindle emotion? Back then to the curve—the curve of beauty.

Consult your mirror. Has your head perfect poise? Are the curving lines of throat and neck clear, full and unbroken? Any looseness of flesh and muscle, any sagging or flabbiness will spoil both poise and contour. Yet how easy it is to remedy these and all kindred defects!

The Arden Scientific Face Moulding Treatment provides a natural means of restoring perfection of contour. By this method the cheeks regain their roundness, and firmness is given to the curve from ear to chin. The throat line again becomes beautiful in the grade of its unbroken downward sweep.

Call and consult Elizabeth Arden or write for "The Quest of the Beautiful," a Booklet describing all the Venetian Preparations.

Telephone Regent 5565 for appointment

ELIZABETH ARDEN

25-F OLD BOND ST LONDON W

673-FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 255-RUE ST HONORE PARIS

Telegrams: "TOUPETCHIC,"
Sowest, London.

Maison Georges
40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1

Telephones: VICTORIA 5944.
VICTORIA 2648.

THE HOUSE WITH THE UNRIVALLED REPUTATION FOR EXCLUSIVE HAIR WORK PRODUCTIONS



La Naturelle
Transformation Ensures a Youthful Appearance.

TOUPET from 5 Guineas.
FULL TRANSFORMATION
from 12 Guineas.

WRITE for CATALOGUE DE LUXE, send for Appr. Selection, or call and interview Mons. GEORGES, the Pioneer of the Natural Parting, who has no superior in the art of producing Natural Transformations

(The "Times" system of Instalments is available.)

PEARLS

by S&S&L

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.



Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings.

From
£2 : 2 : 0

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

From
£2 : 2 : 0

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case. £4 : 4 : 0

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free. NO AGENTS.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

NEW TAILORED SHIRTS for Holiday or Early Autumn Wear

This Smart Tailored Shirt is cut on full lines, and is made from rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, and is particularly suitable for Sports or Country wear.

WELL-TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch) in heavy quality Crêpe-de-Chine, with collar, cuffs and vest of smart coloured stripes, made to slip over head and to wear inside skirt, detachable vest, which fastens under revers with small button. In sizes 13 to 14½ inches.

PRICE

59/6

In sizes 15 and 15½ inches 2/- extra.

FANCY SPORTS HOSE
(as sketch)

medium weight, in a variety of self-coloured grounds with contrasting fancy patterns.

Price 16/9 per pair.



Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1



WOMAN'S WAYS *By* MABEL HOWARD

most enthusiastic. However, "the old order changeth." To-day, there is no attire so becoming to the average tall, slim Englishwoman as the modern sporting clothes.

Tweed and Knitted Wear.

The ever-popular tweed costume has now a serious rival in the silk or woollen knitted coats and skirts which are making their appearance on the golf links, in the shooting coverts, and, in fact, everywhere where freedom of movement is essential. Tweed, however, seems likely to hold its own for ever as far as Scotland is concerned, and certainly no woman should set out for the North without including a good tweed walking costume in her equipment. Harrods', Brompton Road, have a wide selection of knitted costumes in new and attractive designs, carried out in plain wool, wool and silk, and ribbed marl—a charming two-colour mixture in which the foundation is of one colour and the ribbing of another; fawn with nigger, and russet with yellow being two of the many effective combinations. A novelty among plain knitted suits is a binding of silk braid-weave round the revers, collar and hem. As the vogue for check increases, so, it seems, does the size of the check! It is impossible to say whether there is really any connection between the two, but there is certainly a growing tendency to widen the check, and never was this form of ornamentation as extensively used as it is to-day. Serviceable knitted costumes are ornamented with an exceedingly broad pattern, and a delightful feature of many is that they are provided with stockings to match, carried out in exactly the same material but with a slightly smaller design.

The Call of the Sea.

Now that August is here, the call of the sea, which has grown steadily stronger as the summer progressed, is becoming perfectly irresistible. Pleasant thoughts of bathing costumes are in the air; it is evident that, following the general trend of ideas, the lure of the waves has even affected the mind of the artist this week, resulting in the sketches which decorate this page. The delightful salon set apart at Harrods' for bathing accessories is the source of inspiration for these illustrations, and it is certainly worthy of a visit, containing as it does everything that could possibly be needed by the seaside visitor. Taffetas and stockinette are the most fashionable materials for the composition of bathing-dresses this year, and the possession of a royal-blue taffetas suit such as the scalloped creation sketched at the foot of the page will ensure the wearer full enjoyment of every bathe. All eyes on the beach will regard her with either envy or admiration, and what more could a woman want? Picot-edging adds greatly to the charm of the suit, and the long slit at the armhole is repeated at the side of the skirt. The belt, of the same taffetas, is not only ornamental, but useful, as it will keep the skirt from flying back when the wearer is

swimming—an annoying little habit to which two-piece suits are rather addicted. The price of the suit is 95s., while an added 5s. 11d. will secure the services of the wide, three-cornered rubbered silk handkerchief which forms the cap. These handkerchiefs have an advantage over the ordinary bathing cap in that they can be arranged according to individual taste. They are stocked in a variety of shades, as well as in black and white and fancy designs

Everything for the Bather.

Stars of black silk embroidery—or perhaps they are intended for starfish?—ornament the fascinating one-piece bathing-dress of scarlet stockinette illustrated just below, the most important feature of which is the Grecian effect of the pointed, falling sleeves joined below the shoulder. The little straps which support the dress are of scarlet lined with black, and black stockinette also edges the square neck and the knickers. Priced at 59s. 6d., this little suit is extremely dainty, and serviceable as well.

There is no doubt that for hard swimming one-piece suits are superior to those finished with a skirt. Two delightful trifles for the bather are depicted at the top of the page. All who wear two-piece suits know that irritating little habit of bathing skirts mentioned in the last paragraph: the hem seems imbued with a ridiculous desire to act as a collar, and will not keep down! A three-strand girdle of soft red rubber is an excellent means of circumventing this absurd ambition. The price is 29s. 6d. Terminating in two fringed tassels, it is ornamented with red poppies, with calyx, centres, and stamens complete, carried out in the same shade of rubber. An oval shoe-bag of black-and-white rubber is another charming accessory. The price is 8s. 11d., and it has more uses than one, for, being quite a capacious receptacle, it can, if necessary, be made to contain powder-puff, comb, and mirror, as well as bathing-shoes.

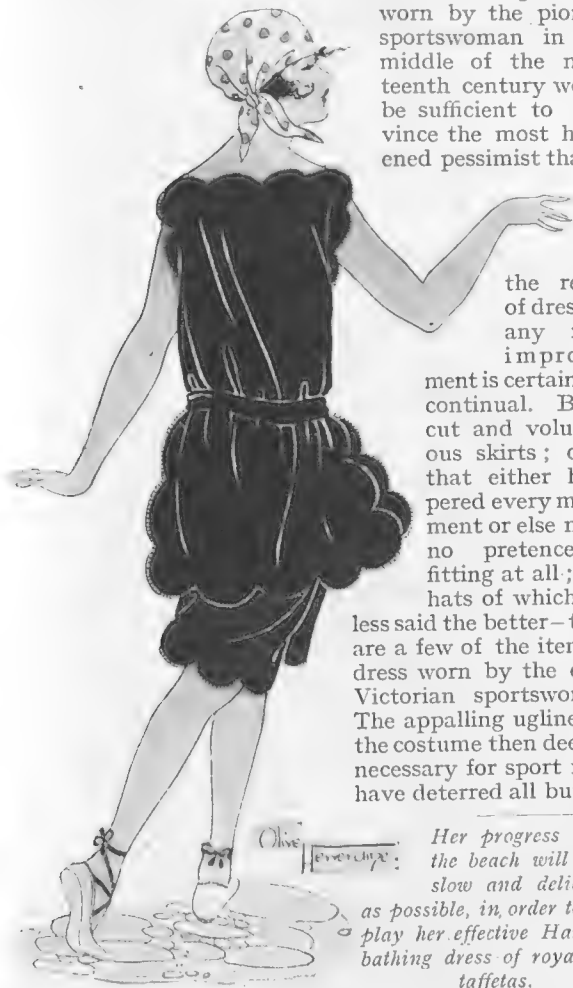
It seems a pity to allow such a fascinating costume to get wet. Nevertheless, this scarlet-and-black stockinette suit is thoroughly serviceable as well as pretty; for it comes from Harrods', Brompton Road.

A red rubber girdle ornamented with poppies is a great incentive to bathing. So is a charming bag of black-and-white rubber, in which the fair bather may carry her shoes.

Clothes for the Sportswoman. In no department of the dress-designer's art has more progress been made in the last fifty years than in the domain of sporting wear. A glance at the ugly and cumbersome garments worn by the pioneer sportswoman in the middle of the nineteenth century would be sufficient to convince the most hardened pessimist that in

the realm of dress, at any rate, improvement is certain and continual. Badly cut and voluminous skirts; coats that either hampered every movement or else made no pretence of fitting at all; and hats of which the less said the better—these are a few of the items of dress worn by the early Victorian sportswoman. The appalling ugliness of the costume then deemed necessary for sport must have deterred all but the

Her progress down the beach will be as slow and deliberate as possible, in order to display her effective Harrods' bathing dress of royal-blue taffetas.



WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.



Strips of violet felt are interwoven with straw to compose this charming Glenster hat from Churchill's, 16, Ramillies Street.

Two Attractive Hats. There is certainly a great deal of truth in the old masculine gibe against women to the effect that the feminine mind is always occupied with thoughts of new hats. Man's attitude towards this weakness might, perhaps, be a little more sympathetic if he would occasionally visit the salons of some of the notable hat-designers. There is always such a varied and alluring display of new models that it is no wonder the attention of woman is often directed towards the fascinating subject of headgear. E. C. Churchill's, 16, Ramillies Street, the makers of the well-known Glenster hats, are responsible for the four delightful hats pictured on this page. What could be more suitable for the woman whose hobby is motoring than a small, snugly fitting, pull-on hat such as the one sketched above, composed of interwoven strips of violet felt and straw, and finished with a picot-edged silk ribbon? The demure expression of the lady in the right-hand top

corner is, I fear, assumed in order to disguise her real feeling of triumph. She is fully aware of the fact that a curling plume of scarlet coque feathers forms a most effective ornament to a hat of soft tan suede.

Velours, Felt, and Moufflon. Velours and soft felt are, at the moment, the mediums most in vogue for the composition of sporting hats, and the two charming examples of these rival materials illustrated at the bottom of the page are also members of the large family of beautiful hats designed by Churchill's. The nut-brown velours on the left is finished with a wide satin ribbon of the same shade, forming a modest contrast to the more daring colour-scheme of the fuchsia felt opposite. The brim of this attractive model widens on the right, and is lined with royal-blue crêpe-de-Chine on



An alliance of tan suede and scarlet coque feathers produces another delightful Glenster hat.

An Ideal Sporting Waterproof.

There is no doubt that the waterproof is gradually superseding the long overcoat in the favour of sportswomen. It is hardly surprising, for if not as decorative as a full-length coat of blanket-cloth or thick serge, the waterproof is by far the more useful garment of the two. Not only is it a safeguard against wet weather, but, when well lined, it will be found quite as warm as a long coat, and certainly far less cumbersome for sporting wear. The name Aquascutum (100, Regent Street) is in itself a sufficient guarantee of excellence in the matter of waterproofs; and green and brown shot trench-coating is the material chosen by this well-known firm for the serviceable raincoat pictured on this page. Loosely made, so that it can be slipped on over sports coat or costume, it is finished with convertible collar, cuffs that strap tightly round the wrists if desired, and a neat, workmanlike belt fastened with a sliding metal buckle. The lining is of wide check woollen material which has been specially treated to render it waterproof. Khaki, grey, slate, green, and fawn are some of the shades in which this coat can be obtained, at prices ranging from 4 guineas upwards.



An ideal mackintosh for the sportswoman, designed by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street.

the under-side. A band of the same material edged with silver encircles the crown, finally losing itself at the back, where it is draped over the brim and disappears inside the crown. A delightful Churchill specialty is the moufflon hat, which can be had in a wonderful variety of shapes and colours. Composed of the finest Angora wool woven on a foundation of pliable straw, it has all the inviting softness of fur, although it is in reality one of the lightest materials imaginable. Moufflon hats can be dyed by the makers to match any costume, and they can even be made up to resemble tweed. They are excellent for out-of-door wear, as moufflon does not spoil in the rain.



A nut-brown Glenster velours finished with a satin ribbon.



Fuchsia felt is the material from which Churchill's have originated this novel Glenster hat. Royal-blue crêpe-de-Chine forms the encircling band and the lining of the brim.



*The Cigarette with
the Pedigree*

POWHATAN -

the mighty Indian Chief and Emperor of Virginia with whom the English Colonists had more adventures than Captain Smith at least found welcome.

In 1585 it was recorded of the people over whom he ruled; "of their Tobacco we found plenty, which they esteeme their chiefe Physicke. The example of the Indian Tribes was followed by those who braved their savagery - soon, "the very streets of Jamestown were sown with Tobacco" till the enterprising ancestors of the House of Wills began to make their famous Cigarettes from Tobacco cultivated with more care than Indians ever dreamed of. The "Three Castles" Chief among Virginia Cigarettes - chief in purity, in flavour, in fragrance & in capacity to govern the most fastidious appetite.

W. D. & H. O. WILLS,
Bristol and London, England.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the W.M. Thackeray "THREE CASTLES." "The Virginians"

LOVE AND CHINCHILLA.—(Continued from p. 176.)

down at his superlative boots, "if he knew young Jerry was preparing to spread himself to the tune of a cool thousand pounds over buying Paula Martinez a chinchilla coat."

Joanna took up her knitting again with hands that trembled. So that was why Jerry had kissed her—the better to wheedle a thousand pounds—no, guineas—out of her to buy a chinchilla coat for another woman.

"It may all be lies," she told herself suddenly, and did not know she had spoken aloud till she saw Harry look at her.

"No, it isn't, then; I had it from Paula herself. Met her just now in Regent Street staring into Carlier's; she pointed the coat out to me herself—it's hanging in the window—and boasted quite frankly how she had got round Jerry to promise to give it to her. Lord—what a fool!" Harry lit a cigarette, chuckling.

Joanna said nothing.

When Jerry called the next morning she received him in her boudoir.

The first thing Jerry noticed as he came into the room was a large striped cardboard box lying on a chair half open, so that some trappings of tissue paper trailed dismally towards the floor; the second was his cousin's face.

Never before, he told himself, had he known her quite so plain; but, oddly enough, never before, either, had she seemed to him so full of hitherto unenvisioned possibilities.

"I'm sorry," she said, coming up to him, her small head held high, her eyes unflinching; "but I shan't be able to lend you that thousand pounds, after all. I've spent it on a coat."

With a superb gesture, ignoring his stare, she turned from him and, going towards the cardboard box, wrenched from it a coat of chinchilla of amazing splendour—a coat of chinchilla lined with ermine, gloriously coloured and cuffed with silver sable.

"It's a wonderful coat, isn't it?" With a cold little smile, Joanna shrugged herself into the splendours of it and came towards him slowly, walking like a queen. I'm so sorry about that money, Jerry. . . ."

She was laughing at him, in spite of her honeyed words, mocking at him bitterly with her angry eyes and scornful lips. Jerry divined without difficulty that here before him stood a woman outraged.

Divined, again without difficulty, why.

"Jove, but she's great!" he told himself.

And it came to him suddenly that here—not anywhere else, but here—was his woman at last.

Then, "I'm sorry about that money," he heard her repeat coolly, coming nearer, transformed by the regal coat into something perilously approaching real beauty.

Jerry took a quick step forward. "Well, I'm not," he said roughly, and caught her in his arms.

But what Paula Martinez said in her heart a little later when, waiting in the foyer of a smart restaurant, she saw Joanna, followed by Jerry, sweep by—Joanna wrapped alike in love and chinchilla, all glorified like a queen! . . .

THE END.

All women who pay scientific attention to their complexions know that there is no time

when the skin needs more judicious care than during the holidays. Sun, wind, and seawater are a formidable alliance when arrayed against a complexion which has been left to their mercy without any form of protection. Nothing detracts more from the enjoyment of a well-earned holiday than the knowledge that after a day's exposure the skin will be rough, smarting, and unsightly; and before going away every woman possessing a sensitive and tender skin should send to Dubarry et Cie., 81, Brompton Road, for their interesting little booklet, "Toilet Luxuries for the Holidays," which will be sent post free on application. It is really a most artistic little production, for the particulars of their delightful toilet preparations are interspersed with pictures, beautifully reproduced in colour from the originals at the Royal Institute of Painters and other well-known exhibitions, representing various types of feminine beauty. The name Dubarry is so well known in the world of beauty as to be an excellent recommendation for any toilet preparation, and the firm has undertaken to pack and post without extra charge any article ordered by letter from their comprehensive list.

Sketch readers will be interested to learn that Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield, whose engagement to Lady June Butler, second daughter of the Earl of Carrick, has been announced, is the Editor of that splendid publication, "Pears' Annual." Mr. Bousfield, who is the son of the late Rev. Stephen Bousfield, served throughout the war with the Indian Army in North Waziristan, France, and Mesopotamia. He is a well-known writer of short stories and verse.



LADY'S MOROCCO LEATHER FITTED TRAVELLING CASE

LADY'S Morocco Leather Travelling Case, size 22×14×7 inches; fitted with a complete service of Sterling Silver Toilet Requisites (Chippendale design) and finest cut glass toilet bottles and jars. **£47 10 0**

A fully illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fitted Cases will be sent post free.

MAPPIN & WEBB

London: 158-162, Oxford St. W.1. 2, Queen Victoria St. E.C.4. 172, Regent St. W.1.



Beauty's Shield 'gainst Sun and Time.

SUNBURN and skin blemishes yield readily to the magical touch of Regesan Cream—a beautifying tonic-cream that improves the healthful bloom of skin and complexion by supplying the needful nourishment to the skin tissues. Regesan Cream is delightful to use and very refreshing. A little applied to the hands, neck and face, cools, soothes and softens the skin and protects it against the adverse effects of time and weather. Regesan Cream is non-greasy and is guaranteed analytically pure. It is readily absorbed and will not induce down upon the face. It is beauty's best aid for making the best of beauty.

Regesan Cream

"Gives perfection to the complexion."

1/9 and 1/- per pot.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BRANCHES OF

Boots
Chemists

Chief London Branch:

182 Regent Street, - - W.1

R.C.1

Over 600 Branches
throughout the
Country.



BOOTS PURE DRUG CO LTD

MADE IN FRANCE



AFTER a long set in
the broiling sun—a
glass of Barclay's London
Lager deliciously cooled
tastes good!

Barclay's London Lager

TRY A BOTTLE TO-DAY

Brewed by Barclay, Perkins & Co., Ltd., Southwark Street, S.E.1

THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

Off to Biarritz. Owing to the spell of bad weather, Biarritz is enjoying an unusually early season. Many sea-lovers prefer to swelter in the blazing sun in the fleckless blue sky of the Basque resort rather than shiver on the Normandy coast. Bathing dresses at Biarritz find their real use, for the visitors practically live in the cooling water, stepping out from time to time to pay a visit to some friend who keeps an outdoor salon under the striped tent—just the time to get dry between two plunges.

Deauville Dresses. Deauville, not waiting for these deserters, has nevertheless begun its season, and displays startling fashions. There is a settled tendency to austerity in bathing costumes. No more indiscreet, tight-fitting *maillots*, but good little dresses of ciré silk, frilled, tucked, and pleated.

Indiscretion. Austerity is, naturally, a pretence. A delightful tunic on somewhat Greek lines slightly caught at the waist would, at first glance, have won the prize for decency. But, unfortunately—or fortunately—at the least motion it would fly open in benevolent indiscretion, revealing the most suggestive of *maillots*. This *maillot* was of black ciré taffetas. On each side, way up on the leg, lozenge-shaped windows opened with much audacity on the rosy skin of the fair wearer.

Fair Swimmers. It was hard to acknowledge that Paris was empty when one saw the huge throng which crowded on quays and bridges—contemptuous of the rain—to watch the swimming match on the Seine. This annual gala, provided by the Société d'Encouragement à la Natation, is a popular event in the capital. The thousands of enthusiasts were entertained at the winning point—the Pont Alexandre III.—by artists in fancy diving, while waiting for the arrival of the competitors.

Popular Tennis. In fact, sports are part of the life of Paris—tennis being the most popular of all. Simplified tournaments were organised in the Tuileries. They met with immense success, not only as



MARRIED IN PARIS: PRINCE E. G. DE CROY AND HIS BRIDE, Mlle. DE POMEREN.


The marriage of Mlle. de Pomeran, daughter of the Marquis de Pomeran, Senator to the Seine Inférieure, to Prince E. G. de Croy was celebrated in Paris recently. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom.—[Photograph by Taponier.]

to the number of participants, but also as to the enthusiasm shown by the young neophytes. The vast gardens were, for a week or so, transformed into an infinity of courts. The net was represented by a string stretched between two chairs.


A Naval Base. And while the City was thus enjoying peaceful pleasures, Montmartre resolved to go to war! The Republic, not content with its territories on the famous hill, decided to give way to its imperialistic aspirations. It coveted a naval base at La Varenne on the Marne, and meant to conquer it by arms. Sure of their conquest the modern *conquistadores* had organised in advance all the festivities and rejoicings in celebration.

Bonaparte's Exploit. Headed by Bonaparte himself, an army started from "Chez Marianne," Boulevard de Clichy, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Bedizened generals, fierce sans-culottes, pipe in mouth and cardboard heads at the point of their pikes, encouraged by fair *citoyennes*, took leave of the civilians. They were carried away in a cart, as is fitting for revolutionaries. But it was a "motor-cart," as befits modern folk. It took them down to the Seine on the Quay d'Orsai (not the Foreign Office!), where their frigate, *La Madelon*, awaited them. They arrived at seven o'clock at La Varenne.

Liberty, Gaiety, Charity. They had a joyous eve of battle, with dances and champagne, and in the morning, armed to the teeth, they felt fit for the taking of the town. Victory was then celebrated with a Gala Fragon, in which all the best *chansonniers* took part. Maurice Neumont, Poulbet, Joë Bridge, Scott, were the organisers of this military and rustic expedition, which was made in aid of the "Œuvre des Petits Poulbets."—JEANNETTE.




PETER DAWSON'S
SCOTCH WHISKY



The whisky of historic lineage

**The whisky for the stream,
hunt, car, yacht — and
for all occasions.**

PETER DAWSON, Ltd.,
82, Great Clyde St., GLASGOW,
London Office,
LION HOUSE, 29-30, Tower Hill, E.C.3





Even at Tennis

on the Links, or the Moors, the Road or the Sea, pearls are appropriate wear. For Sport and Play they are being increasingly worn.

To numbers of women of taste pearls are an inseparable essential of their dress. They wear them everywhere. Pearls are the only gems that never look out of the picture—never garish or over-ornate.

On holidays in Summer-time a woman's happiness is not perfect without those finishing touches that complete her charm. Of these the most potent are pearls.

And not only during the day's sport, but for the evening Promenade, Dinner, Dancing, or Bridge they are the natural adornment of the well-dressed.

The cost of genuine pearls is too excessive to think of, but to-day there are absolute replicas of them. You can possess a string of the only perfect substitutes for Oriental pearls—

Ciro Pearls

equally lovely—equally lasting, and with all the sheen, lustre texture and symmetry of the deep-sea gem. In none of these respects can anyone detect the difference, but the difference in price is appreciable.

If you come to our showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or, if you cannot—avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

*On receipt of One Guinea, we will send you a necklet of **Ciro Pearls**, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other **Ciro Pearl Jewel** in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. **Ciro Pearl Necklets** may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.*

Latest descriptive booklet No. 5 post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.

39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 5

Our Showrooms are on the first floor, over Lloyds Bank. Near Piccadilly.

WATERPROOF—WINDPROOF



*Aqua-
scutum
Field
Coat*

THE workaday—"rough and tumble" waterproof slip-on of the Sportsman out all weathers sums up the Aquascutum "Field" Coat—adapted from the impenetrable Aquascutum Trench Coat.

AQUASCUTUM "FIELD" COATS 4, 4½ & 5 Gns.

For the more formal occasion (rain or 'shine) wear pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum (price from 6 Gns.).

Mention of "Sketch" will bring catalogue and patterns by return.

Agents in principal Towns

Aquascutum
LTD
REGISTERED
By Appointment

100, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

*Weatherproof Specialists since 1851.
Sole makers of Eiderscutum Wraps.*



*The patent Ganesh Chin Strap restores lost contours and cures double chins, lines running from nose to chin; will also keep the mouth closed during sleep and prevent snoring
21/6 & 25/6*

GANESH HEALTH & BEAUTY

THE ART OF LOOKING & FEELING YOUR BEST.

To have a fresh, healthy and beautiful complexion must be the wish of all women, and this can be accomplished with a little care and trouble. The cause of lined and drooping faces is the weakening of the muscles and the loss of the natural oil of the skin. The wonderful **GANESH MUSCLE STRAPPING TREATMENT**, invented and perfected by Mrs. Adair, together with the Ganesh Eastern Oil, is the sure way of restoring Youthful Beauty.

Every woman who values her appearance and health should write, 'phone or call for Mrs. Adair's new free Booklet, "Ganesh Health & Beauty."

Mrs. E. ADAIR

Patronised by Royalty.

92, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
Paris & New York.

'Phone: Mayfair 3212

Recommended by the Medical Profession.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"I WONDER if the reduction in the railway rates will have much effect upon the companies' earnings," The Engineer was saying.

"If the present dividends are any criterion, the directors don't seem to fear the outlook," commented The Merchant. "And railway boards are pretty conservative as a rule."

"The wet July will do the railways good, surely. Last year, people went away by charabanc; but the weather has been against that sort of thing this season. I think Railway stocks are good to hold."

"Little Chatham's?"

"Not worth the money," replied The Broker. "You'd better keep to the good things."

"But Berwicks are too high?"

"They seem to be. Yet the buying has been very good. I like North-Westerns. As an investment—not as a spec."

"Why not as a speculation?"

"Oh, well, you see, people don't want to be bothered with speculation in August. There's not much driving power in the Stock Exchange. Nobody's working overtime."

The City Editor laughed.

"I was only thinking of something that happened in the office yesterday," he explained. "The foreman sent up and said that if I didn't improve my writing or get a typewriter, he would want time-and-a-quarter for my copy."

"What did you do? Buy him a motor?"

"Yes; a Napier. And ordered half-a-dozen Essex cars for other members of the staff. Can I send you any?"

"Don't trouble," answered The Jobber loftily; "half-a-dozen cans of B.P. spirit will do me all right."

"Sure you wouldn't rather have Bols?"

"Rolls, did you say? You may if you like. I want a good investment for my profits on Tobacco shares. Good old Brokie!"

The Broker took his honours blushing. "I can't promise to do the same for you every time," he admitted handsomely. "Still, that has come off rather well, and I breathe more easily."

"I am accumulating a few Chartered," said The Merchant. "Can't see them worth less than a pound if all goes well. They pay no dividend, so there's no income tax to worry about."

"Chartered chances are all so much in the future," protested The City Editor.

"The better, therefore, for their speculative value. I don't look for a rise to-morrow, or the next day. I'm paying for the shares."

"Brave man! I gave a shilling for the call at 14s., end August: sold them at 15s. 6d., carried them over, and—"

"Then you're on velvet?"

"Sixpence a share profit, plus contangoes, unless I buy them back."

"As you will do?"

"If they go down with a bump, of course I shall buy them back. After all, my option runs to end August."

"But doesn't your sale at 15s. 6d. go against the option?"

"Not a chance! Don't be childish. To set the sale against the option would be chucking money away."

"It would be making a present of cash to the man who took the option money," The Broker added.

"Well, I'm certain," persisted The City Editor, "some people don't understand that part of the business. They think—"

"My dear old chap," said The Jobber decisively, "if I take call-money from you to-day on Chartered, for the End September account, and you sell the shares at a profit a week hence, I should simply be robbing you if I said the sale went against the option. Have a cigarette: State Express that side, Army Club on the other."

The City Editor thoughtfully lit a match.

"I went in for some of those County of London Electrics the other day," The Broker interpolated. "Apart from their being a good investment now, I think there's a great future for that Company."

"Worth remembering, at a time when it's none too easy to suggest good investments," considered The City Editor. "Think the shares are worth adding to my list of recommendations?"

"I've got them myself: the Ordinary," answered The Broker. "And I put my wife into the Preference. Six per cent. at 20s., and safe as houses."

"She won't like that"—and The Merchant shook an experienced head. "Ladies don't care for shares that are 'safe.' No excitement."

"A woman 'invests' in a new frock. She 'speculates' in the War Loan," declared The Engineer.

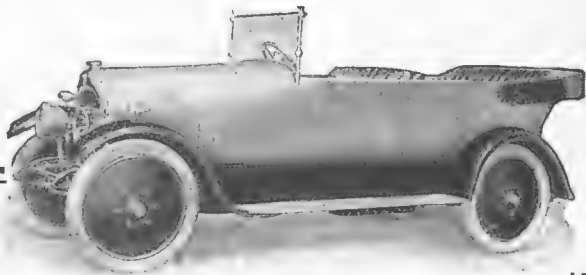
"You talk like an advertisement of Pope and Bradley, though less wittily."

"Theirs aren't impromptu," retorted The Engineer. "I might have said Uroz, or Roumanians, or Coronations—"

"Your wife, being a welly wise woman, is not likely to have bought things of that kind."

"Not through me, anyway," said The Broker, very emphatically. "Why, here we are!"

Friday, July 28, 1922.



An Owner who has driven a Ruston-Hornsby for 10 months writes:

"I HAVE now had one of your 20 h.p. cars for about ten months, and am very pleased to inform you that it has given every satisfaction. So far it is without a fault.

The driving is so easy and pleasant that even after a long day's drive I never feel any strain, and am only sorry when my journey comes to an end.

With regard to passengers, my wife and daughter could live in the car.

As a motorist of about 18 years' experience, I have never been in a car to equal this one for all-round excellence."

"So far without a fault"—from a motorist of 18 years' experience this is, an incontestable proof of the absolute efficiency and reliability of the Ruston-Hornsby.

Illustrated Specification, full particulars and name of nearest agent will be gladly supplied on application to the

SOLE CONCESSIONNAIRES:

C. B. WARDMAN & COMPANY, LTD.,
122, Great Portland Street - - - - - London, W.1.
Telephone: Langham 1530-1. Telegrams: "Rusorncy, Wesdo, London."

Ruston-Hornsby

The Car of Quality & Value

MANUFACTURED BY RUSTON & HORNSBY LIMITED, OF LINCOLN.

PRICES—

16-20 H.P.

2-Seater £585
5-Seater £585

20-25 H.P.

2-Seater £650
5-Seater £650

The 5-Seater models are now delivered fitted with nickel-plated radiators and side-curtains that open with the doors.



There is no such thing
as a "**BEST**
SCOTCH
WHISKY"

It is a matter of taste—of palate—of appreciation. That is why MACKINLAY'S (M.L.) Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY has a select following that selects it for its flavour—for MACKINLAY'S Liqueur has "A Highland Flavour about it"

Blended where it is distilled, & bottled where it is blended! That means a lot; it means

MACKINLAY'S

13'6 PER BOTTLE

ML Liqueur

SCOTCH WHISKY

CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO.
Distillers & Blenders, Leith & Inverness.
London Address: 59 Mark Lane, E.C.3

LUX *for Summertime Fabrics*



THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY FROCKS

are kept spotlessly clean and comfortable with Lux. Their cool and dainty underwear is also preserved by this wonderful washing preparation. Mother's dresses and smart jumpers are maintained in all their charm with Lux. And when father joins the family party at the sea his flannels look as good as new, thanks to Lux.

LUX

WILL NOT HARM A SILKEN THREAD—
IT WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

*Packets (two sizes) may
be obtained everywhere.*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.





CROWN TALCUM POWDER

One of the CROWN Toilet Dainties

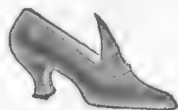
BEAUTIFUL arms, shoulders, and hands are the birthright of every woman. This exceedingly fine Talcum Powder is unexcelled for promoting and maintaining general skin beauty and comfort. Used regularly after toilet or bath it is very refreshing and soothing. It prevents unsightly redness and roughness—it keeps the skin soft, white, and smooth.

The Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. Established 1872 London, Paris & New York.
O.P. 85-112

ATTRACTIVE KNITTED FROCK for Holiday Wear

Knitted Woollen Frock (as sketch), made of super quality yarn, with sash and edging of artificial silk. This is a very simple yet becoming style for slight or full figure. Made in a wide range of well-chosen colours.

Price
63/-



Patent leather shoe, Paris' heel, smart toe. Also in Glace Kid, grey, mole, nigger, black and beige suede. Price **37/6**

Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.



NEW VELOUR HATS FOR COUNTRY and SEASIDE WEAR.



Attractive Velour Hat trimmed with wide ribbon bow at the back. In a good range of colours.

Price **4½ Gns.**

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

This Hat will be found in our Model Millinery Department on the First Floor.

What to Take for CONSTIPATION



Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels**. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature—*Brentford*

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

£200 MATERNITY
Finlay's Patents—adjustable any size.
FREE PRIZES—£100; £50; etc.
Write for particulars of Competition, also **FREE WONDERFUL BABY BOOK**, Fashions Bulletin, and Patterns of Latest Materials.
GOWNS from - - 42/- SKIRTS from - 15/11
COSTUMES from 63/- CORSETS from 15/11
Money refunded if not delighted.
FINLAY'S (top Oldham St.), MANCHESTER
120, HOLDSWORTH STREET
London Showrooms: 47, Duke St. (facing Selfridges), IV

Tel.: 52 Broxbourne **LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S**
AIREDALES
Specially Trained against
BURGLARS for
LADIES' GUARDS
From 10 Gns. PUPS 5 Gns.
WORMLEY HILL,
30 mins. from Liverpool St. **BROXBORNE, HERTS.**

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD
Filter
Cylinder
SARDINIA HOUSE
KINGSWAY
LONDON
W.C.2
FILTER

AN EXCLUSIVE TAILOR is essential to a smart appearance.

MODERATE PRICES
are a necessity.


LOUNGE SUITS AND OVERCOATS
from 8 Gns.

DRESS SUITS from 12 Gns.

The "**CORSTAY**" Figure Belt (Regd.). Recommended by the Medical profession. Prevents rheumatism, lumbago and kindred ailments. Reduces the figure. Worn by Naval and Military men all over the world. Price **25/-**

D. S. MORRIS
Established 30 years.

28, Sackville Street, London, W.1
Telephone: Regent 728



Maryflowa

HIGHLAND BROGUES

Of distinctive design, executed in finest selected materials and embodying the highest standard of workmanship. Equally suitable for Town, Promenade, or Country wear. Made in the following leathers:

Tan Willow Calf,	Nigger Suede Calf,	39/11
Grey Suede Calf	- - -	

Single shoe willingly sent on approval, or if pair is sent, money instantly returned if not approved.

Write for copy of illustrated Brochure, post free, which contains self-measurement forms.

W. ABBOTT & SONS, Ltd.,
PHIT-EESI,
58, Regent St., W. (Opposite Swan & Edgar's)

121, High Holborn, W.C.	131a, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.
98, Kensington High Street, W.	434, Strand, W.C.
239, Brompton Road, S.W.	65, George Street, Richmond.

A TOILET SERIES of CONSISTENT ATTRACTION

Any toilet speciality bearing the name Zenobia is of the same high quality as the justly famed Zenobia Perfumes. There is consistent attraction in the use of preparations with an allied fragrance. The series consists of

- ZENOBIA TOILET SOAP
- ZENOBIA TALCUM POWDER
- ZENOBIA POUDRE DE RIZ
- ZENOBIA BATH SALTS

They give a charm and personal daintiness unobtainable by the use of ordinary soaps, powders, etc. The favourite Zenobia perfumes are represented, and there is one for every taste.

ZENOBIA

Of all Chemists and Stores, Zenobia Toilet Soap in boxes of 3 tablets 1/9, 2/9 and 5/-; Lily of the Valley, 5/- per box of 3 tablets. Zenobia Talcum Powder in Lily of the Valley only, 1/3; Zenobia Poudre de Riz, 1/6 and 3/-; Zenobia Bath Salts, 2/-, 3/- and 4/6.

ZENOBIA, LTD.
Manufacturing Perfumers,
Loughborough.



There's worth in Kenilworth

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginians procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

COPE BROS. & Co., LTD., LONDON & LIVERPOOL.

SCOTCH TARTANS

TRAVELLING RUGS, reversible, super-fine quality, in a wide range of clan tartans, including the following:

CAMPBELL	CAMERON	FARQUHAR
DOUGLAS	FERGUSON	42nd FORBES
DAVIDSON	GORDON	GRAHAM
MACARTHUR	MACDONALD	MACKENZIE
MACLEOD	MACLEAN	MURRAY
MENZIES	ROBERTSON	STEWART

59/6 Post Free.

E. R. DAVIDSON & Co., 72, Waterloo St., GLASGOW

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

Exide

Battery Service

Universal—Expert—Superior.

RAILWAY HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE exodus to the North for the grouse-shooting season has received the most careful consideration from the London and North Western Railway. Hitherto passengers for the Highlands leaving Euston at 7.30 p.m. have been obliged to take an early evening meal in town, but since July 24, a dining car has formed part of this train, dinner being served between Euston and Crewe. Further special sleeping-car trains leave Euston at 9.30 for Glasgow only; 11 p.m. for Edinburgh and Dundee; and 11.40 p.m. for Glasgow, breakfast being served between Carlisle and Glasgow. Seats on these trains can also be reserved for ordinary passengers. They can be booked through the station-master by letter or telephone.

The London and North Western Railway have a wonderful system of through trains to holiday resorts; and family men who cannot spare the time to study time-tables would do well to take advantage of the fact that a post-card addressed to the General Superintendent at Euston will ensure the receipt of information as to the best train to travel by for the holiday journey.

The arrangements made by the Great Eastern Railway for summer holidays on the East Coast are well worth considering. A selection of twenty bracing coast resorts is served by trains from Liverpool Street; and tourist and week-end tickets, and cheap 8 and 15 day tickets every Friday are among the attractions of the moment. Those who wish to spend a holiday on the Continent will be interested in the cheap 15-day tickets to Antwerp, Brussels, and Zeebrugge on Aug. 3, 4, 5, and 7, or in the cheap week-end tickets to Zeebrugge.

The arrangements in connection with the "Glorious Twelfth" and the opening of the grouse-shooting season, by the Great Northern Railway, are likely to meet with general approval. Sleeping-car trains leave King's Cross, week-days and Sundays, at 7.30 p.m. (Saturdays excepted), for Aberdeen, Perth, Inverness, Glasgow, and Fort William; 10.20 for Glasgow, Dundee, and Perth; and by the 7.30 p.m. arrangements have been made for dinner to be served on leaving London (Sundays excepted.)

For those preferring to travel by daylight, luncheon-car expresses leave King's Cross at 9.50 a.m., for Edinburgh, 10 a.m. for Glasgow, etc., and 1.20 p.m. for Edinburgh. Such passengers will find the publication entitled, "On Either Side," which depicts places of interest to be seen from the train, a great boon in making the journey interesting. Copies may be obtained free at any G.N.R. office or from the Superintendent of the Line, King's Cross.

In addition to the special arrangements for visiting Oberammergau (for the Passion Play), Switzerland, the Dolomites, Holland, the Rhine and the French Alps, the South Eastern and Chatham Railway are providing excursion tickets for August Bank Holiday. These comprise cheap 15-day return tickets to Paris and Brussels; special week-end tickets to Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, and Flushing, and day trips to Boulogne every day from Victoria and Folkestone, etc., no passports being required for the week-end or day tickets. The excursions for English resorts are also very attractive. Week-end tickets will be issued on Aug. 4 and 5 from certain London stations: on Friday by any train on and after 5 p.m. to the principal seaside resorts; and at any time on Saturday,

Aug. 5 to the seaside and country stations on the Company's system.

The August Bank Holiday excursions of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway include a 1-15 days excursion to Paris by the Newhaven and Dieppe Route for 40s. 10d.; 4, 8 or 15 days tickets from Aug. 4 by specified trains from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and East Croydon; and week-end tickets from Victoria, London Bridge, and certain suburban stations as well as day excursions on Aug. 5, 6, and 7. Brighton, Hove, Worthing, Littlehampton, the Isle of Wight, and Eastbourne are among the pleasure resorts reached by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, and the fares for the Bank Holiday are most advantageous.

Comfort is the keynote of modern life, and the men and women of to-day demand to travel in luxury as well as to enjoy it at home. This demand is met in the most wonderful way by the two types of mail and passenger steamers—known as "A" and "D" respectively, owned by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. There is nothing which one can demand and not receive on an R.M.S.P. steamer. A photographic dark-room, an emporium, a hairdressing saloon, an orchestra, a tourist bureau and a laundry, as well as a well-stocked library are among the arrangements; while the children's gymnasium or "exercise room" of the "A" steamer is a delight to young people as well as a relief to mothers, nurses, or governesses who are in charge of energetic youngsters.

The services and tours by the R.M.S.P.—P.S.N.C. include South America, the Brazil and River Plate route; the tours round South America; cruises to Norway; winter cruises in the West Indies, and short tours by mail steamers, etc., etc.

The only Successful Method of Removing all Traces of Age.



Smooth up the loose skin as shown in this illustration; you will then see what a wonderful difference even this slight alteration makes in your appearance—yet it is but an indication of what is accomplished every day.

BY a wonderful scientific method known as the Hystogène Treatment, facial blemishes are corrected in one to three short visits. The face after treatment looks years younger. Puffs, rings, wrinkles and flabbiness around the eyes are removed, mouth lines disappear, sagging face is lifted, and the contour of youth restored. These remarkable results are accomplished without the use of massage, lotions, creams, pomades, steaming or paraffin injection. The Hystogène method has superseded all old, time-worn remedies. It is the only system which absolutely removes every ugly blemish from the face, either resulting from age or any other cause.

The following imperfections can be corrected permanently; the process is both painless and harmless:

Sagging Cheeks or Face, Imperfect Facial Contour, Loose and Baggy Skin under the Eyes, Flabby and Wrinkled Eyelids, Overhanging, Fallen and Bulging Eye-brows, Crow's Feet, Wrinkles, Ugly Frown Lines, Lines from Nose to Mouth, Drooping Mouth Corners, Imperfect Nose, Outstanding Ears, Receding Chin, Unrefined Complexion.

Call or write for Booklet "FACIAL PERFECTION," sent sealed on receipt of 6d.

Established 1910.

Hours from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

"HYSTOGÈNE," The FACIAL SPECIALIST,
40, Baker St., Portman Sq., London. W.1. Telephone: Mayfair 5846.

SANDY MACDONALD

The Whisky which never deviates in quality

MACDONALD, GREENLEES & WILLIAMS (Distillers), Ltd., Leith, London & Aberdeen.

Not Electrolysis
Not a Depilatory

The Solray Trade Mark

Permanen. Cure Guaranteed

ANY HAIR GROWTH
permanently and painlessly destroyed by
AN ENTIRELY NEW METHOD

THE SOLRAY CO. (HELEN CRAIG), 15, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.1

"IN MY OPINION YOUR 4 H.P. CHAIN-DRIVEN MACHINE IS ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF BRITISH ENGINEERING. I HAVE NEVER DISCOVERED ANY OTHER ENGINE THAT CARRIED OUT ITS FUNCTIONS WITH SUCH ABSOLUTE RELIABILITY IN ALL CIRCUMSTANCES. THERE IS NO PART OF THE MACHINE WHICH DOES NOT FULFIL ITS PURPOSE, IN THE MOST FAULTLESS MANNER."

These words from the pen of an experienced motor-cyclist voice the considered opinion of Triumph owners in all parts of the world.

May we send you all particulars of these famous machines post free.

Cash or liberal Monthly Terms.

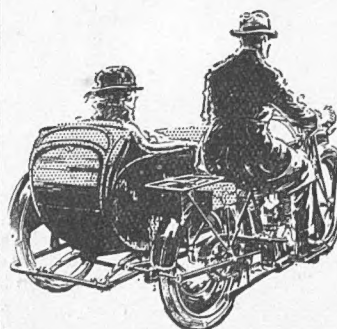
Triumph Cycle Co., Ltd., Coventry.

London: 218, Great Portland Street, W.1 and at Leeds, Manchester and Glasgow.

Agents Everywhere.

THE

TRIUMPH



You will add to the pleasures of the outing if you are mounted on a TRIUMPH Cycle—a machine with a world wide reputation for quality.

*America's
Finest Tobacco*

1/3 1/2 per oz. Packet
2/7 2oz. Packet
5/2 1/4 lb. Tin -

GOLD BLOCK

FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG



STOCKED BY
ALL LEADING

TOBACCONISTS
AND STORES

G.B.13

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal.

GREEN STRIPE

SCOTCH WHISKY



*"For the man
who knows the
difference!"*

J & G STEWART LTD
incorporating-
(ANDREW USHER & CO)
EDINBURGH
& 79 MARK LANE LONDON, E.C.
Established 1779

A Change from Winter on the Riviera

Have you ever considered the delightful alternative rendered possible by a World Tour during the Winter Months?

The party undertaking the Third World Tour de Luxe, accompanied by Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., the well-known traveller, will leave England on Nov. 3 next for a period of 27 weeks. The countries visited will include Ceylon, Australia, Java, China, Japan, Canada.

Descriptive itinerary may be had from
Mr. EDWARD GRAY, F.R.G.S.,
Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2

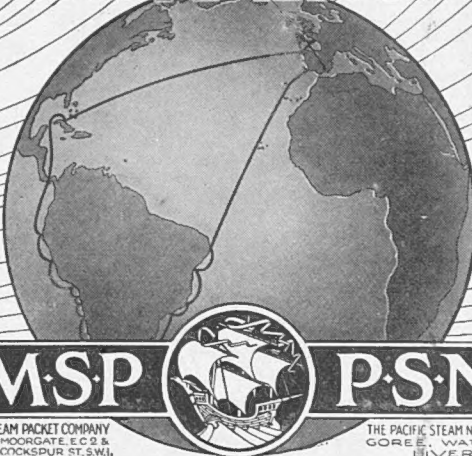
SCOTLAND

BY
East Coast Route

SHORTEST from
LONDON (King's Cross)
To EDINBURGH, PERTH,
DUNDEE, ABERDEEN,
INVERNESS, Etc.

Apply for "ON EITHER SIDE." depicting and describing features of interest to be seen from train, at any G.N.R. Office, or Supt. of Line, G.N.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.1.

South America



R.M.S.P. P.S.N.C.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2 &
AMERICA HOUSE, COCKSPUR ST. SW.1.

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GOREE, WATER STREET
LIVERPOOL

INMAN'S RUSTIC ARCHITECTURE FOR GARDENS.

ORDER NOW. AUTUMN'S HOBBY.

ARBOURS. PERGOLAS. BRIDGES. TEMPLES. BOWERS. ARCHES.

HOUSES. SEATS. FENCING. RUSTIC WOOD. THATCHING REPAIRS.

Sectional Wood Buildings for all purposes.

INMAN'S ROYAL WORKS, STRETFORD.
Established 1859. Awarded 350 Medals for the quality of our work.

SUIT, 47/6; OVERCOAT, 37/6; LADY'S COSTUME, 55/-

TURNED

and Re-Tailored "Just Like New" by the
Original and Leading Turn-clothes Tailors
sent along at once. Carriage Paid one way.

WALTER CURRALL & Co., 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill
(Please mention The Sketch.) Phone: Central 1816.

For cleaning Silver: Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder


Sold everywhere 6d 1/4 2/6 & 4/6

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

The famous
House for "Ready-to-Wear"

KIT

TOWN & Country



LIGHT
SUMMER
OVERCOATS,
Lounge
Suits,
Evening
Dress,
Tweeds for
Shooting,
Golf, etc.

Also SADDLERY,
Trunks, Binoculars.

Naval & Military
UNIFORMS,
Swords, and every
Military require-
ment.

MOSS BROS & CO LTD

Naval, Military and Civil Outfitters.

20 & 21, KING STREET, } COVENT W.C.
25, 26, 31 & 32, Bedford St., } GARDEN, 2.

Phone: 3750-1 Gerrard. Tel. Add.: "Parsee Rand, London."



The Eve of Quatre-Bras

The Duchess of Richmond's Ball

THE Valse! Latest new dance frowned upon by the stuffer dowagers and deans as the invention of the devil to lead poor Georgians quite astray—and a very tame affair by comparison with our prancing jazzeries. And as innocent.



To-morrow at dawn a very tired young dragoon will be in the saddle fidgeting may be with nerves a little jaded and the normal pre-battle squeamishness. And for him there will be no concentrated comfort and first-aid to the sang-froid expected from the rawest subaltern in a stainless regiment. There will be no pale green packet of the Big "GREYS"—in whose curling smoke to see for a moment the fair partner of yesternight's dance and the golden prospect of a gallant action to be performed; and promotion; and a cherished strip of ribbon.

We moderns are more fortunate. The "GREYS" are always at command to comfort, to encourage and to please.

The "GREYS"

The BIG Cigarette with the Choice Flavour

20 for 1/5

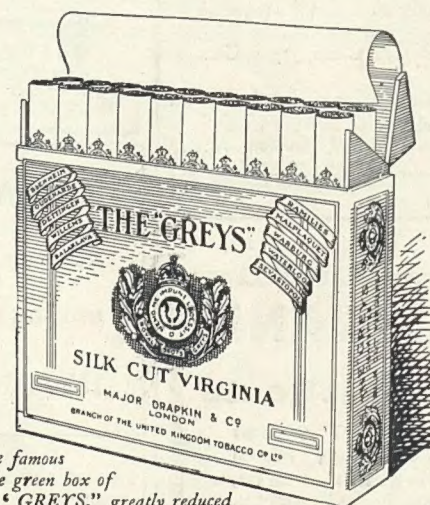
50 for 3/6 100 for 7/-

Of High-class Tobacconists and Stores everywhere

Actual dimensions of a "GREYS" Cigarette.

TO PIPE SMOKERS—For a fragrant, cool-smoking mixture that "makes your pipe a better pal" you cannot better "GREYS" SMOKING MIXTURE 1/- per OZ.

Manufactured by MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO., LONDON
Branch of The United Kingdom Tobacco Co., Ltd.



The famous pale green box of 20 "GREYS," greatly reduced

